FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:—

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1880.

Being a *grandfather*, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.

WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES.

Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

—:o:—

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, *November* 30, 1880.

We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.

J. T. STONE, *Manager*.

—:o:—

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 30, 1880.

We have tested the **Hercules Glue,** and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without *clamping* or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.

A. F. OLD.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue.** I have found it particularly useful for attaching *rubber to wood*, for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.

Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,

I Remain, yours truly,

JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1889.

We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue.** Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules.**

It alone does all that is claimed for it. W. do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.

SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

—:o:—

November 29, 1880

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength —a paragon in usefulness.

A. C. GAW.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 10, 1880.

Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.

Yours Truly,

E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan'ry* 21, 1881.

Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.

THOMAS W. STUCKY,

57 North Seventh Street.

—:o:—

NEW YORK, *January* 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules,** I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually.

Truly Yours,

DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *March 7th*, 1881.

I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Bronzed and Nickelplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.

THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

Among the many advantages it has over all othes preparations, the most important is, that

IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS

without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale Agents

NO. 19 BOND STREET,

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IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.

IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.

IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

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10 Spruce St., New York.

O Kinman & Co's Cars Browne Sharpe Mfr Co PROVIDENCE, RI

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881. NUMBER 48.

POETRY.

It rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace
In the palace, cottage, hovel—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assail'ed it:
Rainbows round it ever curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain:
Power may with beauty flow;
Mothers first to guide the streamlet;
From the soul's unresting grow.
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine shed or darkness hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman! how divine your mission,
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the the young ear open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry—
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky:
Mingled where no tempests darken,
Rainbows evermore are hurled:
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

STORY TELLER.

The Widow Grant.

"Harry Fredericks, aged nineteen, shot in the battle of Fredericksburg."

Such was a part of an inscription upon a marble slab in the little cemetery of Allandale.

Mrs. Grant, strolling by the grave, stopped for a moment to read the simple record.

"Aged nineteen," she murmured. "Only a boy."

And then, as if by some subtle feeling of sympathy, she sat down on the soft turf near by and let her thoughts go wandering back to that mournful time when so many homes were so desolate, because their "boys" were in the midst of danger and death.

"Harry, 'Our Harry' to somebody," she said to herself, gathering a spray of myrtle that trailed about the grass, and laying it tenderly in her palm. "A blue-eyed, blonde-haired Harry, broad-chested and strong-armed. A warm hearted, big-souled Harry, brave as a lion and tender as a woman—somebody's darling, somebody's stay and consolation."

The tears stood in the woman's eyes and dropped over her cheeks.

She, too, had lost a Harry—the love of her girlhood, the husband of her young womanhood.

"I wonder who this Harry's mother was?" she thought, "and if she is living still?"

And then she tried to imagine how a mother must feel when the child she has nursed and reared, who bears about in himself the very heart of her own being, goes away to battle, to kill or to be killed.

"It is hard," she said, "hard, hard!" And pressing her lips for a moment upon the sod that covered the brave young heart, she rose and walked away.

From the cemetery she went to the main street of the town, and, going into a dry goods store, proceeded to examine satins and ribbons.

"Can I have the goods on three months' credit," she asked, after deciding upon several articles.

"No, madam," answered the clerk, curtly. "I have orders to the contrary."

"Very well."

A despairing look fell upon the pale, sweet face, and Mary Grant walked out of the store and to her little home of three rooms over Tom Hanson's bakery.

What was she to do next? Sarsnet & Co. would trust her no longer, and they had been her main dependence. She sat down in the middle of her tiny shop, and looked with a sort of stolid grief at the specimen bonnets and hats that should have been finished long ago, and at the old ladies' caps that seemed, in their grim imperturbability, to be giving her a silent lesson upon the fallacy of human hopes.

How she hated them at that minute, this little milliner, who six months before had sat contentedly making these same caps, with their black dotted lace and purple bows, and illusion ruchings! But then she was sustained by hope, and that makes all the difference.

Mary Grant, a soldier's widow, came to Allandale with less than $50 capital in her shabby little wallet. She had a few pieces of furniture, and a letter of introduction to Sarsnet & Co. from a city merchant who had done the firm many a good turn first and last. With these assets and sundry liabilities, the young widow had hoped to strike a favorable balance, and build up a business by which she could support a humble home.

But she had not been fortunate. In the first place, Mehitable Pillsbury, an old maid, with bank bills as numerous as her wrinkles, had set up a business a block or two away. Her show-window was gorgeous with pattern hats, rich ribbons and laces, and she kept a standing advertisement in the Allandale *Enterprise*.

It made little difference that Mary Grant's millinery was artistic, while Miss Pillsbury's was only showy and "stylish." The Allandale fair ones were not artistic themselves, and aimed at nothing higher than keeping up with their neighbors. So it happened that the widows' hats and caps stood upon their standards, till, as I have said, they seemed to leer at her with ridiculous and accusing aspect.

She could not make her first payment to Sarsnet & Co. on time. They gave her an extension, but she failed again to pay the whole amount, and at last, as we have seen, the firm refused to trust her for goods.

She sat there, thinking of those disappointments, and wondering, in a dull way, what she should do in the future.

"I'll clear the show-window," she said, "and put up a tin sign for plain sewing or fine washing. I should like the washing best. Wouldn't that be a bitter pill for the aristocratic Grants! At any rate, I believe I could earn my living that way, and now I am getting in debt every day.

Just as Mrs. Grant arrived at this disagreeable conclusion, the shop bell rang.

"Somebody for a yard of five-cent ribbon," she muttered, going languidly to the door and opening it.

A bright, sweet-faced girl of twelve years or thereabouts came in and asked for a straw hat. While the milliner showed her assortment, the child explained that she also wanted a bonnet made for their baby, little Sally.

"She's two years old," added the customer, "and I want something suitable."

"Why didn't your mother come and bring little Sally?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"We haven't any mamma; at least, not here in this world. She died two years ago when baby was born.

"And who keeps house?"

"I do," answered the child, quite nimbly.

"You?"

"Yes. Papa is too poor to hire a housekeeper. Aunty Baker, mamma's sister, wants him to break up and let her have baby; but papa and I can't bear to, and so I'm housekeeping, and papa helps me. Aunty says its ridiculous; but we would rather have our own home—wouldn't you ma'am?"

"Indeed I should, my dear," answered the widow, her eyes glistening.

"You see," said the girl, growing quite confidential in Mary Grant's sympathetic atmosphere, "my papa's a minister. He preaches at Hunt's Corner. His church is small, and they don't pay him much."

"And there's nobody but you and papa and baby?"

"No. We had Harry once, but he went to war. Papa thinks mamma was never so strong after that. He thinks if Harry had stayed at home, mamma might have lived. You see, she used to lie awake nights and think about him, and she cried so hard whenever she heard of a battle."

"And Harry was killed at last?"

"Yes, at Fredericksburg. He was wound very badly there. Papa went to him; he died the same day, and papa brought him home, Poor Harry!"

"So that is the 'Harry' whose grave I saw," thought the widow, as she laid her hand tenderly on the child's head, and kissed her cheek.

"Now I must go," said the little mother. "Papa will like this hat, I think; and you will have baby's bonnet by Saturday—won't you?"

"Yes, dear. But you must tell me your name before you go."

"Ruth Fredericks. Papa is the Rev. Henry Fredericks. I wish you could hear him preach. I think his sermons are beautiful, and mamma used to think so, too."

Ruth went away, and the milliner stood in the door looking after her, and smiling at her sweet *naivete*.

The status of Mary Grant's affairs were not changed when she went back into the little shop, but somehow her heart was lighter, her spirit more hopeful. She selected some silk and lace and began making a Normandy cap for baby Sally, humming a tune as she worked.

Her thoughts were busy with the lonely family and its sad history; with the young soldier, the sorrowing wife, and the patient, brave young housekeeper playing mother so sweetly, and loving her father with such simple reverence.

"Life is not a sham," she said. "There are little hearts, noble and unselfish. God is still with us in human love, and in this beautiful world that he has created."

The slanting rays of the sun fell into her room, a robin sang outside on the elm, a pot of roses blossomed in her window, and she knew that crocuses and violets were awakening from their death-like sleep in the bosom of the earth.

The old ladies' caps were not taken down that night. Indeed, they had changed their appearance and seemed to smile benevolently and in the early evening a veritable old lady came in and bought one, paying a good price.

She expected company Decoration Day, she remarkable, "and wanted to smart up a little." It was a neat, tasteful head-dress, and other old ladies, seeing it, came for more. The tide seemed to be setting with a faint, yet perceptible motion, toward the neglected shop.

Mary Grant took courage.

"I will have an opening, she said, one bright, electric May morning. "I will make the prettiest things I can think of if it takes my last cent to buy material. And it will, I am sure of that. Never mind, there is the fine washing left."

So she went out and bought silk and lace and white chip bonnets and pale blue and rose pink ribbons of Sarsnet & Co.

When she got home with her purchases she had twenty-five cents in her purse. Her rent was paid for a quarter in advance, and she could live on eggs and mush, with an occasional roast potato. So she was secure against homelessness and starvation for a short time at least.

Her delicate fingers flew, and dainty fabrics grew beneath them. She was full of inspiration for her work, and in a short time the little shop-window was full of fresh, artistic designs.

She smiled when she thought of her past discouragement, and attributed all her new courage to the advent of Ruth and the making of Sally's Normandy cap.

In some way it "got out" in Allande that Mrs. Grant had beautiful new styles. Minnie Ferguson, the rich manufacturer's daughter, heard this rumor, and rode thither in her carriage.

The sight of that carriage acted like a magic. As many as half-a-dozen young ladies who saw it visited the shop the very next day. The pretty spring bonnets went off like hot cakes.

"They are unique," said Miss Minnie, and straightway the word "unique" was in the mouth of every one of her troop of followers. The widow was seriously in danger of becoming the fashion.

In the meantime Ruth dropped in to see her whenever she came to town on errands for her household. The childlike woman and the womanly child grew to love each other very soon with no common love.

The confidences grew longer between them, and soon Mrs. Grant felt as if she had known about the minister's family all her life. Many were the visits that she made to Harry's grave.

Often in the bright May afternoon she took a trfle of work and sat by the green mound, now purpling all over with spring violets.

"He shall be my soldier," she said to herself. "On Decoration Day I will come here with the loviest flowers I can find, in the early morning long before the town is stirring."

She kept her word. At dawn she stepped out into the rosy light, with a basket full of roses and pansies, verbeans and mignonettes. Through the silent streets she hurried, meeting no one, thinking only of the love and griefs throbbing in the country's heart for her dead sons.

The cemetery lay serene in the glow of the new day. Birds were flitting here and there among the new graves, and now and then a gush of music quivered through the air. A shaft from the rising sun shot athwart Harry's grave as the lady approached it.

She smiled as she saw it.

"It's a good omen," she said—"a symbol of the light in which his spirit dwells."

Once by the grave, she sat down and began weaving her roses into a wreath for the young soldier. The pansies, already bound in a dainty bouquet, she placed upon his breast. Sitting there, entwining the white blossoms, with their dewy leaves, she murmured a prayer—the Litany of Decoration Day:

"God have mercy upon all mothers, who weep to-day; give them the true blossoms of consolation, the lilies of peace, the roses of triumphant faith."

"Amen," said a deep, solemn voice at her side.

She turned quickly, blushing scarlet, and beheld a tall, grave man standing near. His hands were full of flowers, and it was plain that he, too, had come to decorate the grave of the soldier boy.

The man and woman looked into each other faces, and then, moved by the same impulse, they clasped hands with a close, cordial pleasure.

"You are the lady who has been so good to my little Ruth?" said he.

It was a strange introduction; but in five minutes' conversation there in the fresh dawn by Harry's peaceful grave, brought them nearer together than days of society intercourse would have done. It touched the weary, aching heart of the father very deeply to see this sweet stranger bringing flowers to his soldier boy, and the widow was inexpressibly cheered in return by the sympathy and tenderness to which she had so long been a stranger.

Mr. Fredericks told Mrs. Grant that he should bring Ruth and Sally to town later to see the ceremonies. Thereupon she invited them all to her house to dinner, and the invitation was accepted.

The baby wore her new cap, and looked for all the world like a meadow daisy. Mary Grant fell in love with Sally at first sight, and, after an hour's acquaintance, the little one followed her new friend around as if she had known her for life.

Ruth was in a state of delight so intense that she could express it only by affectionate looks and actions—now stroking her father's cheek and kissing him, now leaning on her friend's shoulder with her arm around her neck.

This visit was the first of many. Under the new inspiration of loving friendship, the minister's sermons and the milliner's bonnets prospered alike.

After a hard week's work, it was a delicious rest to walk to the little country church and sit in the pew with Ruth and Sally, listening to the gospel of faith and charity.

A trip in town, a stroll among books and pictures, and an early tea with his new friend, made life for weeks to come easier and sweeter to the minister.

And so it fell out that, by-and-by, they concluded that it would be wiser on the whole to make one family.

There was a milliner needed at Hunt's Corner, as well as a wife, mother, and housekeeper; and Mary Grant undertook, with remarkable cheerfulness, this fourfold relation. The machinery of the household began running with great regularity and precision from the day that the minister married the widow. The new wife made dainty bonnets and pretty trifles of lace; a new housekeeper ruled the kitchen; the minister worked in his study, and Ruth went to school.

"It was my children who brought us together," said the minister, on next Decoration Day, as the two stood among the graves with their offering of flowers.

"Yes, little Sally's Normandy cap saved me from despair, and Harry's grave brought us face to face."

"Getting Even."

"When I was a boy," said Col. Tracy, late clerk to the mayor, "there was one boy with whom I was always quarreling. He was an Irish youth named Barney, and like many of his countrymen, he had a fair share of mother wit. I believe I disliked him mainly because of his wit, which sooner or later made every boy in the school the butt of some joke. Never shall I forget how I tried to get 'even' with him, and how wofully he beat me with my weapons. Laying my plans carefully beforehand, I drew Barney into a controversy, in the presence of most of the boys, upon the comparative bravery of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races, after a long discussion, in which history was largely drawn upon, and much bantering exchanged, I asked:

"Look here, Barney, we can test the thing right here. You are an Irishman and I am a Yankee. Now I will engage to do something here, this moment that you will not dare to do."

"Go ahead!" returned he defiantly, and the boys crowded around to see the fun. I took a large pin from my coat and deliberately thrust it through the lobe of my ear, pulled it through to the head, and then drew it out. It hurt dreadfully, but I never winced.

"There Barney," said I, handing him the pin: "I dare you to do that."

"Every eye was on him, but he was quite equal to the occasion.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "I dare to do it—but I am not such a blasted fool!" What a shout the boys did raise! I slunk a way, looking and feeling silly enough. I had a sore ear for many days, and resolved never again to outbrag an Irishman."

Ananias, Jr.: How can you learn to be a first-class liar? Get engaged to two girls, and the faculty will sort of come to you.

A Texas juryman snored so loud in the jury-box that he awoke the judge from a sound snap, and was promptly fined for contempt of Court.

Queen Elizabeth's Toothache.

"My curse upon the venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang,
An' through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance!
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines."

So sang the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, and so probably Elizabeth, Queen of England, would have howled, but as Burns was not born until long after her time, it is likely she was content with cursing in plain English instead of poetical Scotch for the good Queen, as some people will persist in calling her, could outcurse and swear the most accomplished professors of that way of using language in her own or any other kingdom, and that is saying a good deal for that age was noted for the number of hard swearers it produced. The cause of all the trouble was the Queen had a toothache. A royal toothache makes itself felt not only by the sufferer but also by the whole court. Every one was in commotion, for the corps of physicians were undecided "whether it was the effect of magic or proceeded from some natural cause." Some of the faculty thought that if the tooth was somewhere else it would not ache, but being afraid to tell the Queen they applied to the Earl of Burleigh to do so. Burleigh was afraid, so he wrote to Hatton to do the duty. Hatton was as much afraid as Burleigh and the doctors, so he only laid the letter in the Queen's way. Elizabeth was as much and more afraid of having it out, so it continued to ache.

The first ache commenced in April. In October it returned and a consultation of the best physicians in London was called, but no good was done by it. It again returned in December, and the Queen "had no intermission of the torment day or night, and it forced her to pass whole nights without taking rest. The Lords of the Council sent at last for an "outlandish physician who happened to be at court," and commanded him to relieve the royal lady, who by this time more resembled a royal tiger than any thing else. He gave his opinion in an elaborate Latin letter. "He was overwhelmed," he said, "with a sense of his responsibility in expressing an opinion on a case so august. It was dangerous to do so when so many illustrious and learned men, who were continually in the service of her majesty, were doubtful of the cause of her affliction, and even disagreed among themselves; dangerous for him, a person of humble acquirements and who had never talked face to face with royalty." With this preface, he prescribed several remedies, but added: "Should they fail, let her majesty deliberate whether it be not better that the tooth should be drawn, even with some pain, than to pass so many sleepless nights and tormenting days." If the mild remedies were tried, they failed, and the torture continued.

The physicians having failed to effect a cure, the clergy next tried their hand on the royal lady. "Madam," said Aylmer, Bishop of London, "have it out."

The Queen shook her head. She had a horror of instruments, being impressed with the idea that they hurt "acutely."

"But I assure you," continued the Bishop, "it will not hurt much."

The Queen was still unwilling to try the experiment.

"But, madam; I will prove it. I am an old man and have but few teeth to spare, but one I will spare one to make good my word, and in hope of procuring your majesty ease. Master Surgeon, try your skill on me. Hurt, if you can; albeit, I defy you. Out with one of my teeth!"

It was quickly done, and the Bishop did not wince.

"See you not, madam, it is as I told you? It be a very trifle, and is over in a twinkle."

The clergy had done what the doctors had failed to do. The Queen instantly followed the clerical example, and the tooth and ache, after tormenting her for over eight months, were gone together, magic or no magic.

The above is a historical fact, and not a joke of mine. Elizabeth was a brave woman,—could face attempts upon her life without fear—but trembled at the very sight of a surgical instrument, and who that has submitted to an operation can blame her. As long as he can resist or do something he is brave, but when it comes to sitting passive, not lifting a finger, while another man is putting him in horrible pain, it is quite another matter. Laughing gas and ether have done something to relieve the pain caused by operations, but some persons are opposed to them. A young man of my acquaintance had to have eight teeth out. He was as much afraid of the forceps as Elizabeth, and for the same reason—he thought it would hurt "acutely." Not wishing to assume the responsibility of taking gas without advice, he asked his father about it. The latter, who was a bitter opponent of gas, met the inquiry with the startling reply: "Are you prepared to die?" That settled the matter. The youth did not think death would follow as a natural result of taking gas, but he knew that if any accident resulted his father would say it was because he did not take his advice, and would "crow" most unmercifully, and he did not want to give him that pleasure. So he went to the dentist's andy had the teeth out, although it hurt most acutely.

Some persons when they have to have teeth drawn, make grabs at the dentist's arm as soon as the forceps are put around the tooth. That is a very foolish thing to do, as it only prolongs the pain. The best plan is to be perfectly still, if you are afraid of taking gas, and let the operator pull and jerk according to his own sweet will. He cannot pull forever. The tooth must come out some time, and that is a great comfort.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

TEACHERS OF DEAF-MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In reading the praiseworthy letter of Mr. Timothy Shirks in the JOURNAL of two weeks ago, I was considerably excited and very much interested for I have always been strongly opposed to the appointments of incompetent hearing teachers in deaf mute institutions. I just agree with Mr. Shirks about his subject and like his opinion. In my belief the said letter will probably or has been warmly approved by the best writers of the JOURNAL and the deaf-mutes too, as it ought to be. I have sometimes wondered why the article has not appeared in the paper for a long time.

Yes, Mr. Shirks was just right in stating that the speaking teachers are generally appointed through favoritism of the Principal or Board, though they are not at all qualified to fill this position. They, when entering their school-room for the first time, are unacquainted with the signs, branches of deaf-mute education, etc., and even some of them never saw a deaf-mute before. They would steal a good deal of the time of other teachers in schools by asking them to explain the signs and many other things. Should they not be called new pupils instead of teachers? Many of them obtain their places not to cultivate the minds of ignorant pupils, but to draw handsome salaries and lead easy lives. But, in fact, some others, taking a lively interest in deaf-mute instruction, conscientiously and engertically, work hard something like slaves, and endavour to understand the difficult methods of deaf-mute education. Still they are slow to comprehend the novel way of teaching and would make fair teachers after several years. Their pupils after being placed in higher classes, would throw other teachers into considerable embarassment to correct the numerous mistakes their old teachers made in teaching. Mr. Shirks, the question often enters my mind "Why are such teachers employed?"

Behind these hearing instructors are a good many of the intelligent deaf mute graduates who vainly apply for situations and who would well prove able teachers. The lamentable fact is that the Board of Trustees pay as little attention to them and deem themselves wise managers.

An old schoolmate of mine, a young lady of superior intellect, sought the position of teacher for several years and her kind friends attempted to influence the Board of Trustees only to be unheeded. She was in sad circumstances; had no home, an invalid mother, so few relatives, etc. That was why she longed for the situation. Happily her desire was at length gratified and she was appointed teacher in a neighbouring Institution this fall. Why are the Boards reluctant to appoint experienced deaf-mute teachers? No doubt they do not notice how necessary it is for deaf-mute scholars to have good teachers and they ought to know that the pupils taught by inexperienced teachers cannot be successful scholars.

Let me say a little concerning one of my old acquaintances, a speaking lady teacher. She still teaches in one of the deaf-mute departments, but is not much of a teacher, I believe. When I was at school, she was chosen by one of the high-toned trustees to fill a vacancy. Unluckily she possessed but little education, was a poor penman and speller too. She being not impressed with the necessity of the sign language, felt ashamed to learn it, and so used the manual alphabet most of the time. O, what a serious mistake this was! Can the new pupil learn objects, words, sentences, etc., without the aid of the sign language? I feel certain any intelligent deaf-mute would not say "yes."

The examination of hearing and deaf-mute teachers on which Mr. Shirks commented, should certainly be held previous to their admission. Nevertheless I feel an inclination to think it may be a long time before the "existing evil" will ever be remedied.

There are many other things I could mention, but owing to the length of this epistle I had better close, hoping to see the allusion of any of the correspondents to the important topic in another column of the JOURNAL. With many sincere wishes for the continued success of the paper, I remain

Very cordially yours,

A MICHIGAN GIRL.

Motto of the mute who never pays his debts—never give up.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - -	$1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - -	1.25
If not paid within six months, - -	2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Our readers can form their own opinion on the matter that has been agitating the Boston deaf-mutes lately. Mr. Holmes publishes a card in this issue explaining his position. Mr. Holmes maintains that Mr. Tillinghast knew all about the man whom he invited to the platform. Such may be the case; but Mr. T.'s letter conveyed the impression that he had no positive personal knowledge other than hearsay.

Mr. Chase sends another card this week, endorsing our editorial and railing against Mr. Holmes. We have sent it to join the poems on "beautiful snow" that are beginning to make their appearance.

We hope all this quarreling and misunderstanding will cease. It helps no one, and must be harmful to many. Every man who has work to do which requires thought and judgment, is liable to make a mistakes.

We have received a letter containing deaf-mute news from North Eastern Pennsylvania, which we would like to publish, but do not know the name of the sender. We can not print any letter without knowing from whom it comes.

THE question of competitive examinations of candidates for teacherships in deaf-mute institutions is causing considerable discussion. Principal Perry, of the Ohio Institution, has something concerning it in his annual report to the Ohio Legislature.

We believe that it would be a good subject for the Principals of the Institutions to consider at their next convention. Something ought to be done to protect the deaf-mute children against poor instruction and consequent waste of time, as well as to shield those who have appointing power from a wrong interpretation of their motives. Every one recognizes the value of competitive examinations for positions in the civil service. No one would think it just to place a man in a teacher's position in a public school, unless he could produce a certificate of sufficiently high grade to enable him to hold that position.

There is, however, several things to be considered in choosing teachers for the deaf and dumb. A good education is not the qualification most required. Indeed, it has been demonstrated, and is admitted, that many of the best teachers of the deaf and dumb are not noted for the excellence of their educational acquirements.

But, should the question be taken up by the principals at their convention every point will no doubt be well considered. Let us hope that they will heed the suggestions which have been given, and devise some plan for the selection of teachers, in the operation of which all the talk about incompetent instructors of the deaf and dumb will be forever silenced.

The *Deaf-Mute Optic*, is the latest, but not the least of the "little papers." It is printed by the pupils of the Little Rock, Ark., Institution, of which H. C. Hammond is the principal. The make-up and printing of this newcomer are both tasteful and neat. Short stories, interesting items, institution and local deaf-mute news are the main features. It will be published every week. Subscription price, 50 cents a year.

The "Frontiersman" is another of these "Independent in all things, neutral in nothing" deaf-mute papers, which has just saw the light in Denver, Col. It is to be published every week, and the subscription price is $1.50 a year.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss. Effie Parker has returned to Erie, Pa.

Miss Woodring, of Columbia, O., is visiting India napolis.

Miss M. K. Hiestand, of Hellam, Pa., is an accomplished lady.

E. W. Frisbee lectured to the deaf-mutes of Boston last Wednesday.

Boston deaf-mutes will hold a "Pillow and Sheet party" on December 14th.

Frankie Senior. Leo. Greis, I. N. Soper and Gorham D. Abbott visited the JOURNAL office last week.

"Oscar" would like to know the address of Miss Emma Ackland, now Mrs. J. W. Rowe, of Brooklyn, through the JOURNAL.

Mr. William Lipsett, of Philadelphia, gave a party to his many deaf-mute friends, on Wednesday evening, November 23d. All had a pleasant time.

There are about a dozen boys employed in the shoe shop of the Arkansas Institution. The cooper shop of last term has been fitted up as a printing office.

George W. Bingaman, of Harrisburg, Pa; will try to go to Philadelphia on Christmas. He wishes to meet his old friend George Slifer, whom he has not seen for seven years.

The Fifth Annual Ball of Deaf-Mutes will take place at Washington Hall, on December 15th, 1881, at 8 P.M., for which occasion good music has been engaged. Refreshments will be served at all hours, and a general good time is anticipated. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of deaf-mutes.—*Mexico (N. Y.) Independent.*

Among the visitors at the JOURNAL office last week were M. Leary, of Tarrytown, N. Y., and Daniel Minihan. Mr. Minihan arrived in New York from England about the close of September. He was a classmate of Mr. Leary's in the Cambrian Deaf-Mute Institution in Swansea, Wales. Mr. Leary had not seen him for about twelve years.

Mr. Wilson M. Head, a semi-mute, graduate of the New York Institution, is a well-to-do farmer in Madison, N. Y; he visited Waterville, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Day. He returned home Saturday last. He was much pleased to say that he has sold some bales of hay at good prices. He always succeeds in selling them to the hop merchants each year.

Fred. Fennel, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute Institution, has been in the employ of Mr. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., but has secured employment in Stockbridge, N. Y., on a large farm of his relatives. He visited Waterville, N. Y., last Friday and was much pleased to meet Mr. Head. He visited Mr. Risley. He left there yesterday, and will return home to Stockbridge, next week, after which he will start for Madison N. Y., to see Mr. Head again for several days.

Deaf and Dumb Messenger Hunt.

HIS MOTHER VAINLY BEGGING THE DOCK COMMISSIONERS TO REINSTATE HIM.

George Hunt, whose father was once keeper of the City Hall, has been eleven years messenger in the Dock Department. His salary is $6 a week. He is deaf and dumb, or nearly so; but almost everybody in the department says he performs his duties efficiently. Although he is perfectly deaf to ordinary speech and unable to articulate hardly a word, he hears perfectly musical tones or sharp sounds producing quick vibrations, such as clapping of the hands or a rap on a desk. Sitting in his place in the messengers' room, he promptly responded to every touch of a call bell that was invented for him. About a week ago Commissioner Laimbeer caused the removal of Hunt and the appointment of Charles Miller, Jr., to fill the place at twice Hunt's salary. The reason assigned by the Commissioner was that the Department of Docks was not a charitable institution. Hunt was told that his services would not bt required.—*New York Sun.*

LATER.

Commissioner Laimbeer was not present at yesterday's meeting of the Board. Hunt's widowed mother, neatly dressed in black, appeared to make a plea for her son, whose salary, she said, supported her. Commissioners Voorhis and Vanderpoel voted that they saw no reason to rescind the action taken at the previous meeting. Commissioner Vanderpoel promised Mrs. Hunt the washing for the department for $4 a month.

Deaf-Mutes on the Stage.

[*From Washington Post.*]

An entertainment of a decidedly novel character was given at the National Deaf-Mute College last evening. It has been the custom for several years past to give the students of the institution an opportunity once a year to display their dramatic talents on the stage. The performance consists in great part of pantomime, but it is a different order of pantomime from that usually seen on the theatrical stage, and so much nearer perfect that the merest tyro in sign language can as readily understand the play as if it were spoken in words or the parts read. The programme last evening consisted of a representation of "Handy Andy," somewhat curtailed as to dialogue, but full of good points otherwise. "The Difficulties of a Deaf-Mute Artist," and an excellent burlesque on the old legend of "William Tell." A performance that called to mind very forcibly the absence of one of the finest senses in deaf-mutes was the attempt of the "college band" to make music, noise, as they term it. With this exception the whole performance was conducted in an exceedingly quiet manner. No laughing, no talking, no applause; but there was abundant evidence of appreciation in smiling faces and bright eyes.

Miss M. L. Barrager spent two or three days with friends in Brooklyn, last week.

A. Pach, of Fanwood, was called home by the death of his grandmother last week.

Mr. G. C. W. Gamage, of the New York School, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Jersey.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, of New York City, spent the afternoon and evening of Thanksgiving Day at the New York Institution.

Miss S. J. Smith, of New Britain, Conn., is visiting in Springfield. She is a very charming and amiable lady.

The mother of Prof. G. O. Fay died on November 23d, aged 76 years. The remains were taken to Medway, Mass., for interment.

Owing to a typographical error in Fanwood's news of last week, Mr. Cameron was reported as having fallen and killed himself. It should have read *Mrs.* Cameron.

Mr. Rohrbach and his family moved to Attica from Macungie, Lehigh Co., Pa. nearly three years ago. He is a plasterer, and his business is steady and good this year.

Will Mrs. J. D. Zeigler please send her address to her friend Effie, through the JOURNAL or by a postal card. She does not know how to direct her letter to Mrs. Z. as she has just moved.

Mr. M. J. O'Neil has got a good situation in Springfield. He is a first class machinest and gets good pay. He looks much better and fleshy as ever, and likes his living in Springfield a great deal better than Lowell.

John R. Jennings, of Smithville, Ga., went to Dawson, Ga., on the 12th ult., to visit his friend Willie J. Copeland. Mr. Copeland is married to to a speaking lady who gave birth to a fine boy, weighing 10 pounds, two weeks since. His father gave him a farm of 150 acres in South Carolina last September, but he did not like that State.

Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Ct., held religious services at Pittsfield twice. He has been preaching for three months from place to place. He was in Providence, R. I., on the 20th ult. Twelve mutes attended the service. Those living out of town were prevented from coming by the storm which occurred on the 19th.

Mr. Evan Hartranft, a deaf-mute graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb about thirty-six or thirty-seven years ago is a plasterer and is not married, came from Allentown, Pa., to Attica, Ohio, May 7th, 1879, and worked with Mr. James N. Rohrbach, who was the boss. Now Evan is in Chicago Junction, Ohio, about nine miles from Attica, and working there.

Mrs. Anna A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., writes:—"I and husband lately made an evening call of about on hour on Judge Seymonds then presiding in court in Belfast, who had tried the case of Byron S. Chadbourne and saved him from State prison life. Unexpectedly his stenographer came into our house a few Sundays ago and interviewed husband for two hours on his ideas of theology before and after his schooling."

On Thanksgiving day, November, 24th, the Rev. Job Turner preached an appropriate sermon in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia, in the morning, before about 319 pupils who behaved like ladies and gentlemen. He dwelt fully on the text:—"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord God, giving thanks to God and the Father by him," Cor. 3:17. The next day he turned his face towards the South, stopping at Baltimore and Washington City.

Mr. William P. Austin, of Montrose, Susquehanna Co., Pa., lately paid a visit to Philadelphia two Sundays ago. He and Miss Lizzie Hoese, his intended wife, visited St. Stephen's Church. They were congratulated by the mutes of the congregation, who appeared with much pleased with their presence. Last week, on Wednesday evening, they attended the Lyceum with the exercises of which we believe they were well pleased. Mr. Austin is a very agreeable gentleman, of stout build, with handsome moustache. He is fortunate in the prospect of getting such a good wife, as Miss Hoese is an industrious young lady.

Last Sunday evening, Mr. Michael Higgins, Mrs. Rocap and Mrs. W. Houstson, of Philadelphia, had a pleasant time in visiting Mrs. Van Court. She is an excellent housekeeper, and has one son and one daughter. She has also a grandchild. Her speaking son is a dutiful son and helps to support his mother. He is a painter and acts as foreman, and has twenty men under him. Mrs. Van Court said that, during the Centennial time, that she had thirty-seven deaf-mute boarders. She owns the house in which she resides. It is very nice and comfortable. Miss Leedom, a seamstress, also boards with her, and has done so for ten years. She is very industrious, and is warm and friendly in her disposition.

A Hartford correspondent writes:—"There have been some changes in the American Asylum since last summer. Col. Kennedy, who resigned last spring, was followed by the resignation of Mrs. Cady, the housekeeper. We have a new Steward in the person of William P. Wiliams, and a new housekeeper by the name of Mrs. Perry. She makes excellent dishes for the pupils, officers and teachers. The sitting rooms have nice double floors, and the desks in the boys' sitting room are arranged in rows from north to south and gas pipes run in a line over the rows of desks. In the cabinet shop, scroll-sawing and turning propelled by steam from the boiler 200 feet away, makes the boys breathe easier."

Miss Emaline E. Heilig, who graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution in 1875, came from Macungie, Pa., on the 12th of March, 1880, and lives with her brother-in-law, James Rohrbach and her sister at their home, as her dear father died two years ago and her home was broken up. She likes to live in Ohio as well as Pennsylvania She has been at Tiffin to spend several days with her acquainted friends and an old deaf-mute lady, Mrs. L. Kerschner, who graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution long ago, came with her husband, who is a speaking man, and children who are grown up, from Pennsylvania about fifteen years ago. Emaline is always welcome and glad to be acquainted with deaf-mutes and hearing people. Her single sister is working with a family in Attica, and two of her brothers are in Illinois, and one is married. Attica is a nice town.

Ten Thousand Dollars Damages Wanted

BURLINGTON, N. J., Nov. 19.—Benjamin L. James, of this city, has brought suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for $10,000 for injuries received on the Camden and Amboy division, by being struck by a locomotive, on the evening of October 18, 1877. Mr. James is deaf, and did not hear the train approaching. He received a severe nervous shock, and has been unable to walk erect since the accident.

A subscriber would like to know where Mr. Dow. Chisholm lives.

Bradford Hines, of Kingston, N. B., is a shoemaker, and went to St. John to see his friends last week.

Wm. M. Gardner, of Lost Nation, Ia., will probably visit friends in Connecticut in the spring.

Alfred Harris has bought eighty acres of land for miles northwest of Morton, Miss., and moved there to live.

Mr. Rebert, of Hanover, Pa., bought twenty-eight acres of farm land, well stocked with fruit trees last October.

Mr. Geo. E. Kohler, of York, Pa., will be the guest of Mr. Jonas H. Rebert, of Hanover, Pa., with Miss M. K. Hiestand, on Christmas.

Mr. Samuel H. Kee has moved to Hoosick Falls, N. Y., where he has a good job in the Wood Mowing Machines Works. He takes care of a circular saw.

R. J. Martling and R. Herrick, of Portchester N. Y., expect to visit the JOURNAL office about the last of December or first of January. They will subscribe for the JOURNAL.

A young deaf-mute woman of Buffalo, bought a hen for her Thanksgiving dinner, but on the way home the hen got away from her and she could not catch it.

A dramatic club is being organized at the Indiana Institution. Look out for some thing such as "Engagement extraordinary of Madame *Ordilla Orme.* No stars! All supers!" etc.

Rev. Mr. Mann assisted in the conduct of a Combined Service at the West Virginia Institution, Romney, on Thanksgiving, Supt. Covell reading orally and he interpreting. Mrs. Mann accompanied, and very greatly enjoyed the trip and visit.

Misses Ella J. Randall, a pupil of the Rome School, was surprised to get a handsome hat from her dear mother last Thanksgiving. She is a charming and nice lady. Miss Kittie Blauvelt was her former teacher at the New York Institution. She will never cease to feel grateful to Miss B. because she was very kind to her.

The Quartette of mute members of the Young Men's Christian Association Chirological Lyceum, will together sing in appropriate arbitrary signs, in the Reformed Episcopal Church of our Redeemer, at which the musical and Literary entertainment will be given, at 16th and Oxford Sts., Philadelphia, next Friday evening, December 2d, at eight o'clock. All are cordially welcome.

Wm. M. Gardner, of Lost Nation, Ia., writes that he likes to read the JOURNAL, because it contains a good deal of news about the mutes of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and other States. He would like to reach to the deaf-mutes in the west. He met Samuel Lewis in the post office of Lost Nation. Mr. Lewis is a deaf-mute, 63 years old, who has a wife and three grown children in Anamosa, Ia. He is selling portraits of General Garfield and Mrs. Garfield, and of President Arthur.

Misses Lewis and Woodward, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mrs C. O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., each received an invite to take a Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Rumrill, of Syracuse. Those mutes, inspired by a feeling of curiosity to see how they could enjoyed a turkey-giving dinner prepared by a mute married lady, were glad to accept the invitation. They went over to the house, a pattern of neatness and comfort, and were royally entertained. Thanksgiving day was really a joy to them, but death to a poor turkey which they were to devour with relish. A better dinner could not be found than at the house of that happy couple. It was a real nice dinner and they enjoyed it but they acknowledged that they ate more than they ought to have done although they stood it well. After dinner they spent most of the time in pleasant conversation. Messrs. Miles and Doane, of Syracuse, called to wish Mr. Rumrill a merry Thanksgiving day. Late in the afternoon it began to snow and soon the storm increased in fury until it was prefectly blinding. In the evening the mutes said good night to the occupants of the house and thanked them for the kind invitation and drove home three miles from the Rumrill house, in spite of the blinding storm that threatened to snow them in, but fortunately they succeeded in getting through. Although they were as comfortably wrapped up in heavy clothing as possible, their ears and noses came near being pinched off, but they came out all right. Any mute would have been glad to have been where he or she could have joined the jolly party for the fun was "utterly intensely intense."

Mr. Jacques Loew As a Practical Joker.

Since Mr. Loew has parted with his imperial mustache, he has become something of a practical joker, so says one of the members of the Twilight Club.

Sitting in one of the Third Ave. Elevated Cars last Wednesday, Thanksgiving Eve., *en route* to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger to attend the social of the above named club, he was suddenly surprised to feel a heavy arm resting upon his own and an amount of pressure imprinted there not altogether allowable from a supposed stranger. Giving his arm a somewhat awkward jerk, he encountered the mild glance of an English looking old gentleman, and thinking from the motion of the lips that the gentleman was talking to him, our Twilight Club member pointed at his ear and in a polite way he informed the gentleman that he could not hear. Out came lead pencil and paper when the following conversation took place in writing.

Old gentleman—"Do you know me?"

Ans.—"No sir; never saw you before."

Old gentleman—"You know me very well."

Ans.—"No sir. Will you please tell me your name, as I do not think I am ocquainted with you?"

Old gentleman—"My name is Johnson. Don't you know me, now?"

Twilight Club member, thinking himself in the clutches of a confidence man, now tried to evade the conversation.

But the question—"Do you know Mr. Loew?" brought him to be interested again.

Ans.—"Yes sir."

"Where is he now?"

Ans.—"I do not know. I know him but slightly."

Out came several letters addressed to Mr. Jacques Loew himself, and held before the astonished gaze of our young victim of a practical joke.

Hand-shaking and apologies followed on the part of the Twilight Club member for not recognizing a friend sooner and quite a social conversation took place down to the vicinity of 78th Street, where Mr. Loew left the train to pay a visit to his sick brother.

He expressed his regret at not being able to attend the social, as his father lately died. But sent his best regards to all his friends.

"Sidus" is in favor of the proposed Garfield Memorial.

J. N. Austin would like to know the address of Jacob Hamerly, of Illinois.

Two deaf-mutes of York, Pa., are members of the Building and Loan Association.

On the 28th, of November, Mr. Leo. Greis returned to Geo. Munro's publishing house.

The only mark of age about Dr. O. Wendell Holmes in spite of his 72 years, is a slight deafness.

Geo. W. Baker and family have removed from Illinois to Elmira, where they expect to reside permanently.

Charles Lawton, a graduate of the New York School, is now employed in a Troy, N. Y., shoe shop. His wages are very good.

Mrs. Martha Burt and her two little boys, of Troy, N. Y., are visiting Miss Katie Eaton, of Ilion, N. Y. She will spend a week with her.

Miss Carrie A. Barton, of Waterville, N. Y., expects to leave Vernon for New York and New Jersey this week, and then go to Washington, D. C.

On the 10th of November, Mr. M. Heyman returned to New York City single as when he left it, notwithstanding the rumor that he was married.

The entertainent at the Hartford School, on Thanksgiving Day was more enjoyable than for many years. The tableaux were enjoyed by all. Hearing people joined with the mutes on the occasion.

Miss Clara Mather, a graduate of the New York Institution, and of the New York Central Institution, is steadily employed in a shoe manufactory in Utica, N. Y., and is a nice and charming young lady.

Although a few years ago, Mr. A. Bernheimer, of New York City, came to this country from Germany, yet he is the master of the English language, and is in the newspaper agency, and hardly mingles in deaf-mute society.

Mr. G. E. Kohler, of York, Pa., would like Mr. Wm. Lawley, of Loykens, Pa., to write to him. Mr. Kohler has been trying to find his whereabouts for a long time. When his address appeared in the Itemizer of the JOURNAL he was very glad.

A new club has been organized by the mutes of Elmira, N. Y. It is called the Saturday Club The officers elected for the following year are as follows: President, Augustus Christ; Vice-President, Edward Clapp; Secretary, Fred H. King; Treasurer, Geo. W. Baker.

Sven Malmar, who works for Mr. Hatch, says his employer has a new house and barn. He was in Jamestown, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Day and met Mr. A. V. Bergquist. Before leaving the city he bought a pair of rubber boots.

Mr. John S. Stephenson and H. Whitmore deaf-mutes, were in South Bend, Ind., visiting their friend, Hugo A. Pischke, who is also deaf. Stephenson left for Elkhart, Ind., on November 26th. Whitmore left for LaPorte the next day. They visited some of the principal factories.

Mrs. G. E. Risley and her youngest son of Waterville. N. Y., have been visiting her daughter and son-in-law in Utica, N. Y., for several days, and returned home last Tuesday afternoon. She saw the JOURNAL lately and she expects to answer her dear school-mate, Mrs. M. M. Ostrander some day.

The members of W. F. Smith Association, of Brooklyn, would like the deaf-mutes of that city to attend the Grand Ball at Uris' Academy, in 611 Fulton street and Hudson Ave., Brooklyn, on Monday, December 12th. Alex. Dezendorf will sell tickets to deaf-mutes. Admission for gentleman and lady, fifty cents at the door of Academy. Don't forget the date.

Miss Jennie Kellogg, a teacher at the Hartford School sprained her ankle recently. She was driving down Talcott Mountain when the reins got detached from the bit on one side. She pulled on the reins and the horse was steered sideways, overturning the carriage. Miss Swett and Miss Kellogg both jumped out, the latter spraining her ankle.

A New York man has deserted his wife because she is deaf and dumb. Her silence on momentous occasions was of course agreeable enough, but the thought that she could no longer hear him when he fumed over missing buttons, nor knew when he went off mad and banged the door was more than he could bear.—*Lycoming Chronicle*, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1881.

On Saturday, the 26th, Rev. Job Turner reached Frederick City, Md., received a cordial welcome from Mr. Ely, the principal of the Maryland Deaf and Dumb Institution, officiated in the chapel for him on Sunday morning, and left for Ellicott City and Baltimore on Tuesday morning He called on Mr. and Mrs. Grow, on Sunday afternoon and had pleasant conversations with them. Mr. Grow was recovering from an illness of about five weeks.

MARRIED.

HANKINSON — CONKLIN — On Thursday, November 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents in Yorktown, N. Y., Mr. Adolph Hankinson to Miss Annie S. Conklin. Rev. Mr Chamberlain officiated.

Both bride and groom are semi-mutes and graduates of the New York Institution. The groom formerly lived in New York, but has lately started a shoe shop in Freehold, N. J.

Brief Shavings of the Y. M. C. A.

Last Friday Evening, the 20th, at the Western M. E. Church, below Walnut St, there was a literary and musical entertainment of the Gospel Temperance and Literary Association of the church given, and about three hundred people were in attendance, among the Exercises of the Programme, a deaf-mute choir composed of six members, sang in appropriate arbrtrary signs, two songs on "All things are of God," and "A Reminiscence," before a large number of hearing people. These songs were orally interpreted by a friend whose name is William Ferguson, and the people greeted the choir with loud applause.

There was a literary meeting of the Chirological Lyceum held in the room of the Y. M. C. A., on the 16th inst. A Biographical sketch of Chas. Dickens, Dialogue on "two Pledges," and debate: Resolved: Which is the most useful, Gold or Iron? Upon the decision of the judges, it was fairly adjudged in favor of Iron.

A pleasant and entertaining Reception was given to the members of the Chirological Lyceum, at the residence of the writer on Wednesday evening. Particulars will be given in the JOURNAL.

A JOLLY OLD CROW.

Keystone State Paragraphs.

Beautiful winter weather.

"Cold" is the word of greeting.

Thanksgiving day passed off pleasantly, but severely cold.

Well, we are happy to state that parties in Pittsburg and vicinity are numerous and copious, and that we are having boss times for the winter.

What has become of "Bella L——," in the Quaker City? is the question asked by us. We would be glad to hear from her through the JOURNAL.

It is currently reported that smallpox is abating in Pittsburg and vicinity.

"Venator," after a two days' visit with "Lewie," left for home on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Henry Niemann, of Allegheny City, will leave the land of single blessedness, and marry Miss Carrie Steineagle, of the same city, on Thursday evening, December 22d.

Miss Mary A. Morse, the well-known mute lady, put in her appearance in Braddocks last week, selling manual alphabet cards for five cents.

Rumor hath it that James Campbell, a little Irwinite mute, will be admitted to school as a new pupil in the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, next month.

Mr. Lewis W. Callahan, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., has, we are glad to hear, secured a lucrative situation as locksmith in the Jacobus Lock Factory, a distance of at least six miles from "Smoky City." May success and prosperity go with Lewis, is the wish of his numerous friends.

Ollie Streaving, a pupil of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, who, it will be remembered, was knocked down by a locomotive last October, has nearly recovered. He went to his home in York Co., Pa., under the care of a friend not long since, where he will remain until about the middle of December, when he returns to school.

Mrs. Archie Woodside in company with her two dear little sons, is expected home this week, should the weather be favorable. Well, we will be most glad to see them among us.

We are pleased to note that Master Willie Sawhill, of Braddocks, having for several weeks past been very ill with a severe attack of typhoid fever, has recovered from his sickness. Willie will not work in the steel works until he is as strong as ever.

Mr. Tom Cummings expects to go home, where he will spend Christmas and New Year visiting his parents.

Dame Rumor says a party will take place on Saturday evening, December 24th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Woodside, in Wilkinsburg. It is hoped that a splendid time will be had.

Mrs. William Reighart, *nee* Miss Annie Harthorne, was called away on November 15th to New Albany, Ind., on account of the severe iliness of her brother-in-law. A speedy recovery is our sincere desire. She expects to return home after Christmas if nothing serious prevents.

Mr Dwight Townsend, who graduated from the Fanwood Institution for Deaf-Mutes in 1835, is, for the present, in Pittsburgh, living with his niece. We like his society very much, because he is of high culture and pleasing disposition.

Mr. Byram Painter, a well-dressed mute gentleman, formerly of Irwin, but now of Bradford, Pa., having for more than a week past been in town on a visit to his brother-in-law, left for home last Friday to resume his work. He informed us that he was not a little surprised to notice the many wonderful changes during the past thirteen years since he left his former place. Byram, to whom we refer, was educated at the Philadelphia Institution.

The wife of Samuel Davidson, of Braddock, expects to go to Crawford county, Pa., within two weeks or so, where she will pay her folks a visit until after New Year, when she will come home.

On Hallow Eve, a surprise party occurred at the residence of Miss Annie Pfeifer, one of the most charming belles, No 74 East Street, Allegheny City, being attended by several deaf-mutes. Conversation and different games were participated in, which were enjoyed by all until midnight, when the party broke up. They report having had a superb time.

On Thursday eve., November 24th, a Thanksgiving party, which came off at the new mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Friend, both deaf-mutes, of Braddock, a flourishing town, was in every respect a success. Quite a large number of guests had been verbally invited to attend and participate the evening in social conversation. In spite of the weather being severely cold, the parlor was well filled with friends. Refreshments were served luxuriously at 6 P.M., and various amusements and games were indulged in until 10.30 P.M., when the company retired to their respective homes, extending to Mr. and Mrs. Friend a tender vote of thanks for the pleasure they enjoyed. We understand that the occasion was one of the most brilliant evenings of the season.

Among the notable guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davidson, Misses Annie Pfeifer, Jesse Sawhill, Lizzie Fehl, Carrie Steineagle, Messrs. Dwight Townsend, Archie Woodside, Joseph Atcheson, Lewis Callahan, Henry Niemann, Frank Widaman, William Reighart, Tom Cummings, and several others.

Nov. 28, '81. IMPERATOR.

Reminiscenses of Fanwood.

NUMBER 5.

THE PILLOW FIGHT IN THE HIGH CLASS BED ROOM.

'Twas about "the witching hour of midnight, when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead," and I was peacefully slumbering, when suddenly a pillow thrown by the strong hand of Kouponeti, came down upon my head. I woke up with a tremendous start and looked around to find out from whence it came. Much to my astonishment, pillows were flying in every direction, and some of the fellows, thinking apparently that throwing pillows at each other was not enough, had got out of bed and were beating each other on the head with pillows. Of course I took a hand in the game, for I always make it a point "when at Rome to do as the Romans do." The noise must have been great, for it brought one of the teachers, whom, for the sake of identification, I will call Mr. Randall, upstairs in a terrible hurry. He had been smoking his pipe for an hour or so, and felt rather sleepy when the noise was first heard. At first, he could not determine whether he was dreaming or not, but as the noise continued, he made up his mind that something was going on, and with the exclamation, "Those rascally High Class boys," he started upstairs on a slow trot, being rather stout, not to say fat. We had timely warning of his approach, which was necessarily slow, for the reason given above, and were all in bed. He came to my bed first and demanded the reason for such noise as he said we had been making. He was terribly excited and rather out of breath owing to his run (?) upstairs. Paying him, I replied, "My dear sir, you know me, I cannot tell a lie. It was that fellow, Joggles. He has the nightmare almost every night, and when in that state, he always insists upon dancing a hornpipe and makes an awful noise. I really think he is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum."

Mr. Randall looked surprised, and turning to Joggles' bed gave him a shake to awaken him. Joggles was a semi-mute and in response to the shake muttered "my darling Charlotte, when I am old and feeble, will you love me then as now?" Mr. Randall stared as well he might and gave him another shake, but all he got for his pains was another murmured sentence, the only words distinguishable were "my darling." So he gave up the attempt to arose Joggles and turned to Llewellyn, whom he treated to an awful shake. It is very strange how soundly a person can sleep when he does not want to get up. Llewellyn, two minutes before, had been capering about the room like a bedlamite, but now he had journeyed so far in the direction of the land of Nod, that he took several shakes, and very hard ones at that, to even half awaken him. He sat up in bed, and when Mr. Randall asked him the occasion of the noise, said, rubbing his eyes as if he had a great spite against them, and was determined to pull them out. "Please say it again and say it slow." Mr. Randall repeated the question several times, but it was of no use; Llewellyn's senses were so befogged with sleep that he could not understand any thing, and when Mr. Randall left him in despair he fell back in bed, and began to snore, which proceeding he kept up with great vigor until Randall had gone downstairs, when he suddenly woke up. The last words Randall said when he left the room were, "Night is intended for sleep [he might have added, and smoking] and it is a shame for you rascals of the High Class to keep honest people from getting their needed rest."

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Notices.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in the church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, next Sunday, December 4th, at 12 M. (Holy Communion) and 3 P M.

Sunday, December 4th, in St. Ann's Church, New York, at 10:30 A.M., Dr. Gallaudet will interpret for deaf-mutes the sermon of Rev. Mr. Krans. Usual service at 2:45 P.M.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

St. Louis, Mo. - - - - -	Dec. 4th.
Indianapolis, Ind. - - - -	" 11th.
Dayton, O. - - - - - -	" 16th.
Cincinnati, O. - - - - -	" 18th.
Cleveland, O. - - - - -	" 25th.

Other appointments will be made later on.

WORK ON.

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be;
Such hands are sap-vines that provide
The life-blood of the nation's Tree

There's honor in the toiling art
That finds us in the furrowed field;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

Work, WORK, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grim of forge-soot leaves no stain,
And LABOR gilds the meanest name.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

OUR THANKSGIVING

Dramatic Entertainment.

HARVARD & KENDALL AT FOOT BALL

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Thanksgiving day opened clear and cold, with a strong east wind, which blew at a heavy rate all the morning. Our observance of the day began at 9 A.M., with chapel service. Dr. Fay presided, and having read a Thanksgiving hymn appropriate to the occasion, chose his text and commenced his discourse. He remarked that in view of the melancholy events of the past year, it would seem that we had received no blessings worthy of thanks. On all sides, sorrow and tribulation were to be seen in the death of our late President, the drought of last summer, the Michigan and other forest fires, not to speak of the numerous private c us s for grie'. But each tribulation has its compensation, and the doctor then dwelt upon the many reasons for which we had cause to be thankful. In the death of General Garfield, we were taught a lesson of patience and humility; the Michigan fire proved that our people are not blind to the misfortunes of others, while sympathy and charity were the results of the numerous, other bereavements which befell the nation. Continuing, the Doctor spoke of the advantages attending the change of seasons, the value of the water, and many other blessings which we fail to notice because they are so common. He concluded his discourse with the truism—

Thanksgiving is good;
Thanks living is better.

Chapel services being concluded, the majority of the students repaired to the foot-ball grounds, and in spite of a high wind, engaged in a well-contested game of foot-ball. The contest continued from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., and furnished the participants with an excellent appetite for dinner. This meal was announced for two o'clock, P.M, and at that hour every student was on hand and showed his appreciation of the good things in a more effective manner than we can describe. The Thanksgiving dinner is an event of importance in college life. The students are then in their glory; they are masters of the dining room, and lay aside all the formalities of everyday life. The consequence is that the fun comes fast and furious, and is as much enjoyed as the viands themselves. All we need say is that a high old time was enjoyed, which will long be remembered by those who took part in the banquet.

Friday was the day set down for our

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

and much to our joy the weather was most propitious. All day long the Committee and their assistants were busy putting the final touches to the scenic arrangements, stage and other parts, so that by tea time everything was in readiness. The invited guests commenced arriving at about 7 o'clock, and from that hour till the curtain rose they came in a continual stream

At 8 o'clock, the curtain rose on the first act of the following:

PROGRAMME.

"Noise".....College Band.

HANDY ANDY.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Cast of Characters:

Handy Andy	Mr. T. F. Fox.
Squire Egan	Mr. G. C. Sawyer.
Squire O'Grady	Mr. B. R. Allabough.
Murphy	Mr. J. L. Smith.
Dick Dawson	Mr. H. Reed.
Edward O'Connor	Mr. N. F. Morrow.
Furlong	Mr. J. G. Saxton.
Simon	Mr. C. W. Collins.
Farrel } Footpads {	Mr. T. Lynch.
McQuade } Footpads {	Mr. G. W. Booker.
Oonah Rooney	Mr. J. S. Leib
Mad Nancy	Mr. S. G Davidson.
Fancy Dawson	Mr. C. O. Dantzer.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A DEAF-MUTE ARTIST!

Artist	Mr. J. G Saxton
Farmer Jones	Mr. Brookmire.
Oldest Inhabitant	Mr. Zeigler.

WILLIAM TELL!

A Burlesque—By the Company.

The band, which took part in the opening act, was composed of Messrs. Sawyer, Griffin, Lynch, Reed and Zeigler, with Mr. Fox as leader. Their queer antics and facial contortions convulsed the audience. In "Handy Andy," Mr. Saxton, as Furlong, played his part to perfection, as also did Mr. Allabough, as Squire O'Grady. Mr. Smith, as Murphy, and Mr. Davidson, as Mad Nancy, played to great advantage, while Mr. Fox, as "Handy Andy," gave complete satisfaction. The success of the remainder of the programme will be seen from the comments of the Washington *Post* of Saturday, under the heading,

"THE DEAF-MUTE DRAMA."

An entertainment of a rather unusual and decidedly novel character was given at the National Deaf-mute College last evening. It has been the custom for several years past to give the students of the institution an opportunity once a year to display their dramatic talent on the stage, and although there have been some intermissions since the inauguration of the custom, at least a dozen dramatic entertainments have been given at Kendall Green Chapel and always with great success. The performance naturally consists in great part of pantomime, but it is a different order of pantomime from that usually seen on the theatrical stage, and so much nearer perfect that the merest tyro in sign language can as readily understand the play as if it were spoken in words or the parts read. The programme last evening consisted of a representation of "Handy Andy," somewhat curtailed as to dialogue, but full of good points otherwise. "The Difficulties of a Deaf-Mute Artist," and an excellent burlesque on the old legend of "William Tell." About twenty of the students took part in the entertainment, and while, of cour e, some appeared rather diffident, the majority showed almost remarkable talent, con-idering the advantages they have had. The burlesque of "William Tell" was well worthy of a place on the stage at Ford's or the National. In the first scene Tell "takes the stump" and harangues three "bummers." Scene second—An old hat on a pole with a modern policeman standing guard and making stage Swiss bow to the very ground in doing homage. The part of policeman could not have been done better by the most finished actor. It may be properly stated that the character was modeled after the New York "Clubber." Mr. G. C. Sawyer also gave an excellent burlesque of Tell. Another very interesting part of the programme was the piece entitled "The Difficulties of the Deaf Mute Artist." The principal part was taken by an artist of considerable merit, Mr. J. G Saxton, of Troy, N. Y. In one instance, in trying to explain the object of his search, he drew a very good rough sketch of of a battlefield in about two seconds. Another thing that called to mind very forcibly the absence of one of the finest senses in deaf-mutes was the attempt of the "College Band" to make mu-ic, or noise, as they term it. With this exception the whole performance was conducted in an exceedingly quiet manner. No laughing, no talking, no applause; but there was abundant evidence of appreciation in smiling faces and bright eyes. Of the large attendance, there were probably not more than a dozen present who did not understand the deaf-mute signs.

Those who deserve the praise for this novel and succes-ful entertainment are the faculty of the institution, Edward M. Gallaudet, president and the following students: A. D. Bryant, stage manager; Messrs. T. Fox, G. C. Sawyer, B. R Allabough, J. L. Smith, H. Reed, N. F. Morrow, J. G. Saxton, C. W. Collins, T. Lynch, G. W. Booker, J. S Leib, S G. Davidson and C. O. Dantzer. There are over forty students in the college proper, among them several young ladies."

It may be mentioned that Ford's and the National are the two leading theatres in Washington.

The success of the entertainment is due in a great measure to the efforts of Messrs. Bryant and Smith. Mr. Bryant, besides acting as stage manager, painted several new scenes for the occasion. The Committee of Arrangements who had charge of the entertainment were T. Francis Fox, '83, Chairman, J. G. Saxton, '82, N. F. Morrow, '85, J. L. Smith, '83, B. R. Allabough, '84.

On Saturday, the 26th, another important event of the week occurred. This was a match game of foot ball between the eleven of the Harvard University and the Kendall eleven. We were unable to obtain the names of the gentlemen forming the Harvard eleven. However, they played a very fine game and gave the Kendalls some hard work. The latter team consisted of Griffin, Captain, Layton, Fox, Haas, Clark, forwards; Davidson, Allabough, Collins, half backs; Hansom and Johnson backs; Reed, goal. By previous arrangement, the match was played according to the Eton rules, the result depending upon the number of goals and "rouges," The game opened at 2 P. M., the Kendalls having the North side and the Harvard's the South. The captain of the Harvards kicked off and sent the ball in among the Kendall rushers, who met it with kicks and got it towards the Harvard goal. Back it went again, and then followed a fierce struggle, the Kendalls playing a defensive game. This was found necessary on account of the wind being against them and also having the sun in their eyes. However, the Kendalls worked manfully and managed to make two rouges by getting the ball twice through the Harvards' goal line. In the next rush the Harvards got the ball close to the Kendalls' goal and by massing around the goal managed to get the ball over the bar thus making one goal. This left the Harvards the lead, they having one goal to the Kandalls two rouges. The teams then changed positions, the Kendalls having the sun and wind at their back. When the word was given their rushers sent the ball before them and without a break kept it going toward the Harvard goal, finally winning a goal in the short space of three minutes. This gave the Kendalls the lead again and they managed to keep it.

Positions were again changed to the advantage of the Harvards. This did them but little good as the Kendalls got down to their work and forced their opponents to play a defensive game. In the middle of the inning the Harvards, by a good rush made a rouge, which the Kendalls made up for by two rouges, they being obliged to work their best to fight against the combined forces, the Harvards, the wind and the sun. Time was called at 3:30 with the following result:

KENDALLS,	- 1 goal,	-	4 rouges.
HARVARDS,	- - 1 goal,	- -	1 rouge.

For the present the Kendalls are resting on the victory, but hope soon to have a match game with the Georgetown College eleven.

LESTER MONTROSE.
KENDALL GREEN, Nov. 28, '81.

THE COMING REUNION.—Dr. Gillett is preparing and wishes to complete before the reunion next summer a complete list of all deaf-mutes who have ever been pupils of the Illinois Institution, to give name, date of birth, place of birth, residence, consanguinity of parents if any, length of time at the institution, deaf-mute relatives, whether married and if so whether to a deaf-mute, number of children deaf, number of children not deaf, present residence, occupation and any other facts of interest relating to them, as to history since leaving school, successes, misfortunes, miscellaneous, etc. All former pupils are requested to write Dr. Gillett soon on these and similar points not only with reference to themselves but also any facts relating to any other of the pupils that they may know of. Any other persons having facts concerning either present or former pupils are also requested to communicate them by letter to Dr. Gillett. Let this be done soon as the work is a great one and will require much time and labor. Dr. Gillett wishes to have it completed before the re-union, if possible, as it will form an interesting feature of the re-union, and will be first given out then. —*Advance.*

COLUMBUS.

Thanksgiving

PANTOMIMIC ENTERTAINMENT, ETC.

SQUIBS, ETC.

Such of the readers of the JOURNAL as believe that applicants for positions as teachers should be subjected to an examination, will be interested to know that Principal Perry is in favor of it, and has urged it in his annual report, which is now in the hands of the State printer. I do not think that I can do better than to give his paragraph on this subject *verbatim et literatim*. "The necessity for an official board of examiners to secure for the deaf the skill and training guaranted by the common school teachers' 'certificate,' at least, is strongly urged; and that teachers of the deaf no less than teachers of the hearing, should feel constrained to avail themselves of Normal School advantages." In my last letter I mentioned that Principal Perry would call the attention of the Board of Trustees to the importance of giving special instruction in Art. Probably it would be well also to give his own words on this topic. "Such an enlargement "(referring to the addition of an airy top to our present school building) "would also include a commodious and well-lighted apartment, where regular instruction could be given to our pupils in Art and designing by an expert. Such eye-culture would afford to the deaf not only the solace in loneliness which music yields to the blind, but should prove in numerous cases an additional means of support. The lack of such higher teaching is a long felt need among us, and places our school at a disadvantage in comparison with sister institutions in other States."

The Thanksgiving holiday was observed with customary interest. For several years past, the stage accommodations were such that it was necessary to dispense with Chapel services on the holidays; but the enlargement of the platform, which was affected during the summer, has removed all such obstacles, and therefore we had a service at eleven o'clock A.M., conducted by Mr. Perry. After reading the 16th chapter of Chronicles, he gave the history and orig in of Thanksgiving Day and briefly pointed out what we had to be thankful for during the past year. Miss Ella Myers, of the First Academic, closed by renerding in signs "America." A regular turkey dinner was served at one o'clock, and it is needless to say that it was a treat appreciated by all. It is proper to say here that a wise reform has been made in the kitchen. Instead of an Irish or German woman for a cook, as has been the custom heretofore, there is now a professional cook, who used to have charge of the culinery department in the Neil, and other hotels in town. He is assisted by his wife, and they have rooms at the Institution. The pupils are loud in their praises of his cooking. They say that it was not a common thing in former days to leave platefuls of meat untouched while now, only bones and empty plates are seen on the table after meal hours. It is easy to see from the tenor of their conversation that a good cook is just as desirable as a good teacher.

At half past seven in the evening, there was a pantomime entertainment in the chapel which was highly enjoyed by all present. Here is the programme.

THE MIMIC STAGE.

BOYS' READING ROOM BENEFIT

—: O. D. M. I. :—

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, AT 7:30 P.M.

OVERTURE, The Lone Fisherman, P. P. PRATT.
ACROBATICS, The Bar Act, EDWARD HAAS. AND A. D. ANDERSON.
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR, M. G. RAFFINGTON.
ACROBATICS, Tumbling, EDWARD HAAS, AND A. D. ANDERSON.
"WATER MILLIONS," - - P. P. PRATT.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

MR. WILLIS COBB

—WITH HIS—

MINITURE TROOP OF DOGS, GOATS AND MONKEYS.

—:O:—

I—Dogs—1. Bloss, the Clown. 2. Spot. 3. Prince, 4. Charley, 5. Jack, 6. Pink, 7. Billy, 8. Rover.
II.—Goats—1. Major, 2. Billy.
III.—Monkeys—1. Biddy Muldoon, 2. Lotta, 3. Jack Darwin, 4. Miss Julia.

—:O:—

In their Unique and Laughable Imitations of the Lords of Creation.

GOOD NIGHT. COME AGAIN.

The acrobatic performances were exceedingly good. The clownish acts of Mr. Eddie Evans were irresistibly funny. Mr. Pratt is an unusually good mimic, and it is to be regretted that he appeared on the stage in his characters in the paint and costume of a clown. Mr. Raffington was up to his usual fine style. The names of these gentlemen are so familiar to the readers of the JOURNAL that I shall not try to give a general idea of their personal appearance. Mr. Pratt is short and well built, of pleasing though irregular features, has sharp gray eyes with dark brown hair, and wears a heavy mustache and goatee. He has had charge of the shoe shop since 1864, and is active and energetic being in the neighborhood of the forties. Mr. Raffington, who is a native of Jamaica, is tall and slender in figure, of a gentle aspect, a composed expression, and is *distingue* in appearnce and manner. He stands and walks with something of military exactness, has dark hair and gray eyes and wears his whiskers after the cut of the typical Englishman. He is considered one of the most graceful signmakers in the country, his command of signs is simply perfect and it is a delight to the e to see him make signs on the platform, his style approaches the poetic. He was appointed a teacher here in '62 by the late Collins Stone.

The house of Mr. Robert Patterson was the scene of a very pleasant gathering this evening. The class of '82 resolved to give their former teacher a surprise in honor of his 33d birthday, which, coming on Sunday, the 27th, they were obliged to celebrate on the evening before. There were about twenty young men and misses. They came laden with juicy bivalves and concomitants that accompany them, and two large frosted cakes. Mr. Mullen, who, tall and manly, seems to be the leader and spokesman on all such occasions, then made a neat little speech expressive of their regard and esteem for their former teacher and presented him with a fine photograph album on the fly leaf of which was written "Mr. Robert Patterson, a birth-day present from the class of '82." The hours sped only too quickly and it was reluctantly that good byes were said; but Institution rules forbade a longer tarrying. This is but one of the many graceful things that have been done by the class of '82.

NOTES.

Misses Dare and Shrom spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormick (*nee* Miss S. A. Miles, a former matron), and daughter are visiting friends in the city. They were present at our entertainment in the evening.

The household was pained to hear of the death of the beloved mother of Ex-Supt. Fay, at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday morning, the 23d inst.

Dr. Latham, a former teacher here, made a short call at the Institution, Friday morning. He has been for many years connected with the Indiana Institution.

Miss Anna Byers came home to spend Thanksgiving with her parents and will remain for a few days.

Mr. Coggeshall, of Westerville, was with her daughter Hattie on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy baby at their home. BUCKEYE.

A Card From Mr. Holmes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—While I have no desire to rake up a matter which had better be buried in oblivion, the misunderstanding which exists among some of your readers concerning my position in reference to the Tillinghast-Livingstone affair, compels me in justice to myself and my friends to meet the wrong impressions conveyed in your editorial of last week.

In regard to the card you sent me notifying me of R. D. Livingstone's coming, I did take action upon it. As soon as I received the card, I went to see Frank C. Davis, who has a position in the Boston post office, and by his advice I telegraphed to a lawyer in Lowell, but did dot receive an answer in time to do any thing.

Mr. Tillinghast does not know all about Mr. Livingstone merely from hearsay. On the contrary, he is as well-acquainted with Livingstone's character as I am—none better.

I desire to say in regard to Geo. A. Newhall's letter that I like the frank, manly spirit in which he expressed himself, and that I agree with him in all, except that part where he accuses me of inconsistency. He does not understand my position.

Now, as far as inviting Livingstone to the plat form of our Society and the New England Gallaudet Association matters are concerned, I do not approve of Mr. Tillinghast, but outside of these matters we are agreed. I did not like the way in which Mr. Chase abused Mr. Tillinghast and our Society. For that reason and no other, I wrote to the JOURNAL in his defence. If Mr. Newhall would read my card about Mr. Tillinghast over again, he would see that there is no mention in it of the Livingstone affair. I hope that Mr. Newhall now understands me. I approved of all that he wrote in reference to the Tillinghast Livingstone affair and do not wish him to think I am now on the other side.

I will close with the hope that the first Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association will be a success.

GEO. A HOLMES.
BOSTON, November 26, 1881.

Rome Notes.

Mrs. Prof. Lewis N. Benedict went down to Red Creek, N. Y., on a brief visit to her home. She returned here last Wednesday.

Mrs. and Mr. Simeon T. Garlock, of Fort Plain, N. Y., and Miss Harriet Keyser came here and spent two thanksgiving days in visiting their friends. They returned home.

Mr. Moses Heyman, while returning from his extensive tour out west, stopped at Rome for a few hours in visiting the school.

In the chapel of the Institution a meeting took place last evening for the purpose of re-organizing the Literary Association.

On Thanksgiving afternoon, there was an attendance of the pupils in the chapel. After a sermon, Prof. E. B. Nelson opened the lecture with relation to his tour in Europe and showed six large engravings, bought in Europe. The pupils were highly delighted with the lecture.

On the 10th of November, the marriage of Miss Susan Evans to Mr. Lyman Gillet, in the village of Whitesboro, N. Y., was an interesting occasion. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wadsworth and interpeted by Prof. E. B. Nelson, principal of the Central, New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Among the guests was Mr. Minkle. The groom and bride will accept the best wishes of all their friends.

Last Thanksgiving evening, the girl's sitting room of the Rome Institution was packed like a box of sardines, on the occasion of the masquerade. The girls appeared in costumes of their own designing, and the boys seemed to be evolved out of their own imaginations. Most of them wore masks. Under Drum Major McGrath they marched in a procession. Among the visitors were Prof. and Mrs. A. Johnson, Mr. J. H. Eddy and wife, Mrs. J. Edwin S ory, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Prof. M. Chamberlain, Mrs. Evan W. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Garlock and Miss H. Keyser. The crowd had a jolly time. TEKARAWA.

Nov. 27.

The Venerable Thomas Brown at the Beverly School.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At an urgent request of some of your readers, I am willing to send to the JOURNAL an account of my late visit to Beverly, Mass, as one of the Trustees of the N. E. Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes. Before I proceed, I think it proper to drop a few lines on this day of our annual thanksgiving which has just passed. Our fathers established a practice of setting apart a day for giving devout thanks to the author of all good in 1662, after the harvest was gathered in each year.

Mrs. Brown being on a visit to her old homestead in Maine, I enjoyed my turkey dinner with my step-son and his wife at their house.

I enjoyed my visit to the New England Industrial School very much and stayed there a week, and to my great surprise I found that the home had improved to a considerable degree, also found things in neat order, and the fall harvest was well gathered under the masterly control of the Superintendent, W. B. Swett. The products amount to about 200 bushels or less of potatoes, 200 or less of corn, a large amount of oats, beans, vegtables and about 8000 heads of cabbage, which meet with a good sale in Boston, and a barn full of hay. Superintendent Swett is always busy looking after the welfare of the inmates, about 28 in number, with the aid of the matron, Mrs. W. B. Swett, and the assistant matron, Mrs. P. H. Bowden. Mr. John Bowden, the foreman, takes care of the farm and of the little pupils at the table. Six or seven inmates who have no home appear happy and seem to like the work on a farm; some younger ones work out sometimes and provide for themselves. A home farm is a good place for homeless mutes to keep them in a steady and correct habits and lead a better life than the miserable, wandering idlers who beg for "bread and butter," or "bread and water," or "bread and cider." Though the fund of the home is small, the affair of the Industrial School is gradually advancing.

I was much pleased to find the small pupils, some fifteen in number, progressing rapidly under the untiring attention and service of Miss Nellie Swett, a hearing lady, and Mr. Harry White. Both are excellent teachers. Mr. White is a young man and may prove an able teacher with more practice. The pupils from 6 to 15 years of age are very obedient and try to learn, and the boys, when out of school are glad to work on the farm, and the girls wash the dishes. A girl of six years, who has been at school six months, spells on her fingers "I am well," "I love God," "I see a cat," etc. It is a curious fact that all the inmates of the Industrial School are deaf mutes except Miss Swett, and they get along as well as any mute school under hearing officers. The mutes who think that the New England Industrial School is not good and not useful are advised to call and inspect the home and school themselves.

On Sunday, November 8th, Mr. Bowden kindly rode with me to Salem and attended the services. An old friend of mine—Mr. Packard—preached. His sermon was good, and about the "Prodigal Son." Mr. Bowden rode with Mrs. Swett and myself to Peabody about three miles away and called on William Buxton, a happy bachelor and a quaker, at his home where he lives with his stepmother who is about 70 years old.

I was happy to meet Messrs. A. F. Osgood, I. S. Cross and E. Frisbee at the Industrial School, a set of genial mute citizens, whose example should be followed by some shiftless fellows. All I met are American Asylum graduates.

On November 16th, I honored my old classmate, Mr. George Homer and his genial wife, with a short call and was invited to partake of a good dinner. In the afternoon I stopped with Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., and stayed over night. He is a very good man. Tuesday I came home and arrived all right. Thanks to Divine Mercy for my safe trip.

THOMAS BROWN.

THE THIRD

ANNUAL LEVEE AND BANQUET

OF THE

Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

Monday Evening, January 2d, 1882.

The undersigned Committee of Arrangements, representing the Boston Deaf-Mute Society in its annual festival and New Year's Entertainment, have the pleasure of announcing to the deaf-mutes of New England and their friends that the next Levee and Banquet, which, from the brilliant programme already planned out, promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever gotten up for their entertainment in New England, will take place at the large elegant

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

on Monday, the 2d of January, 1882.

Horticultural Hall, which is capable of holding over 500 persons, is the same where the grand and successful Levee given under the management of Philo W. Packard and Geo. A. Holmes in 1870 was held, at which over five hundred deaf-mutes were present. The Hall is situated on Tremont street, between School and Bromfield streets, is one of the best parts of the city, within easy access of all railroads.

The Banquet will be held at Copeland's well-known first class dining rooms on Washington street at ten o'clock P.M., and will be supplemented by sentiments, toasts, etc. The bill of fare, as given by the proprietor, will be as follows:—Escalloped Oysters, Cold Meat and Turkey, Charlotte Russe, all kinds of Ice cream, Tea and Coffee, Fruits, Pickles, Nuts, Salads, Raisins, etc. The reputation which Mr. Copeland bears as a first class caterer is a sufficient guarantee for the quality and excellence of his *cuisine*, the collation served last year fully sustaining that reputation, every attention being shown by the proprietor and the host of waiters. The Committee takes pleasure in recommending Mr. Copeland again to those attending the Levee.

The Society holds a regular course of lectures on Wednesdays and divine services on Sundays. With great pleasure, we state that the genial Prof. Fay, of Hartford, will officiate at the New Year's Services with Prof. Weeks and Gorham D. Abbott, of Lowell. Dr. Peet, of New York, is yet to be heard from, in relation to these services. These services will take place at the rooms of the society, No. 18 Essex street, on the 1st of January, 1882. Besides the morning and afternoon services, a general prayer meeting in the evening will be held. Deaf-Mutes from out of town are specially invited to attend these annual New Year's services of the Society. They could stay over Sunday at the Sherman House, Court Square—terms 75 cents and $1 a day for lodgings, for the Levee the following day.

Thomas Brown, the Patriarch of deaf-mutes and the first President of the New England Gallaudet Association has signified his intention of being present at the Levee and Banquet, where he hopes to meet his old friends and to make new ones.

Many prominent persons from all parts of New England have been heard from with the expectation of being present, and in view of the fact that the last Levee was a brilliant success in spite of rival attractions elsewhere, the Committee are encouraged to hope that the next will be a yet greater success crowned with a still larger attendance.

Among the attractions engaged for the occasion are a Grand Magic Lantern Exhibition by Mr. Philo W. Packard, of Salem, and a Pantomimic Exhibition abounding with humor, pathos and amusement, by the well-known Mrs. Whipple Follette, of Rhode Island. Those who have seen Mrs. Follette play, will need no words of praise from us; she is an inimitable mimic or pantomimist that can make the audience laugh or cry at her "sweet pleasure." The Magic Lantern which is to last an hour, will be enjoyed as a rare treat. Mr. Packard has the finest collection of views to be found anywhere, embracing as they do, some of the most noted objects of interest in this country, Europe and the rest of the world. A view of Garfield and his family will be given.

The Committee, who have determined to spare no pains and expenses in order to ensure an enjoyable time to everybody, have decided to offer nine (9) grand prizes, a list of which follows:

PRIZES FOR LADIES.

Two handsome red plush purses. A large, handsome Album for Card Photographs and Cabinets.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

A genuine silk "stove-pipe hat," the winner t have his measure taken. A gold breast-pin.

PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY.

A Bible, nicely bound. A handsome student's lamp (nickel-plated).

The following named persons wil be asked to act as judges; Mrs Whipple Follette, Philo W. Packard and Prof. Weeks of Hartford, on the Bible prize; Messrs. Tillinghast, Lynde and Newhall on the other prizes.

Horticultural Hall will be open all day and night for the accommodation of visitors from a distance. The Society's hall will also be open all day and evening on Sunday. Dancing and various games of amusement usual on such occasions, including the famous "Dumb Band," will while away the rest of the night.

Two small prizes will be given to the lady and gentleman winning the victory in the game of "Dumb Band." McWilliams' famous drum will be used on this occasion. The games of Tub and Apples, Flour and Ring, Copenhagen, Post-Office, Fox and Geese, Forfeits, etc., will be played.

On account of our removal to a larger and more expensive hall, the price of admission to the Levee, has to be raised. The price of admission to the Banquet remains the same as before.

Ticket, admitting to the levee - -	75 cents.
Children under twelve years - - -	25 cents.
Admission to the Banquet - - -	75 cents.

Address all letters for any further information or orders for tickets to George A. Holmes, Registry of Deeds, Boston, or to Harry White, Beverly, Mass., the Committee of Arrangements.

Any lady visitor desiring to have cheap but good board during her stay in Boston, can be accommodated for any length of time at the Young Women's Christian Association on Warrenton street.

No expense and pains will be spared to ensure to every one a good time.

GEO. A. HOLMES, } *Committee of*
HARRY WHITE, } *Arrangements.*

Western N. Y. Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is several months since a letter from the Rochester Institution has appeared in your paper, and as considerable news has accumulated since I last wrote, I will now send you another letter. School opened on the first Monday in September, with about one hundred and twenty pupils in attendance, about ten of whom were new comers. The school has been re-classified, and by the arrangement two-thirds of the pupils go to school at half past seven in the morning, and the others go to work. At ten all meet in the chapel for prayers, after which those who have been at work repair to the class rooms; half of those who were in school during the morning, return there, while the other half go to work. One o'clock is the dinner hour, and at two all go to school except those who were there all the morning, from 7:30 to 1 o'clock. School closes for the day at half past four.

The pupils attended the Western New York Agricultural Fair on the 30th of September. The Fair grounds were reached by crossing the Genesee River in row boats, and walking the remaining distance, about three-fourths of a mile. The chief object of interest was a live alligator, which, in spite of the intense heat of the day, appeared to be very comfortable as he lay on a box covered with red flannel, blinking his yellow eyes at the curious spectators. The children were especially delighted, and seemed never to weary of gazing at the scaly monster.

Two vacanies have occurred in the corps of teachers. One of the Kindergarten instructors was married in August, and in September sailed with her husband for Madras, India, where they will labor as missionaries. Since her departure, a mission band has been formed by the older pupils for the purpose of raising a sum of money sufficient to pay the expenses of a Hindoo child at school one year. The amount necessary for this purpose is very small compared with that needed in this country, it being but ten dollars a year. The mission band is called the "Silent Workers," and has between twenty-five and thirty members.

The little Kindergarten children have also formed a band called "Little Helpers," and put their pennies in the missionary jug, instead of spending them for candy.

The teacher, who has gone to be a missionary, will find a child and see that it is sent to school for a year, and the "Silent Workers" and "Little Helpers" will pay the expenses.

Some weeks ago, Miss Maude Crosby, a former teacher here, paid the Institution a visit while on her way to Cincinnati, where she is to teach a little boy in a private family.

Messrs. Upham and Heyman called at the Institution while returning from their trip West. They report a very pleasant journey, and greatly enjoyed their visit to the Flint and Indianapolis Institutions. A laughing incident occurred during their stay here. While visiting the pupils's dining room, one of the Kindergarten children innocently asked the young lady upon whom they had called if Mr. Heyman was her father?

Dr. William Porter, of the New York Institution, with his wife, called here on the 25th of October. Mrs. Porter was a Rochester lady before her marriage.

Some weeks ago, Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, Commissioner of State Board of Charites, spent two days at the Institution. She visited all the school-rooms, and expressed herself well pleased with the mode of teaching employed here.

Several of the pupils, who have left the Institution, are expected to spending Thanksgiving here.

MINNEHAHA.
ROCHESTER, Nov. 19, 1881.

NEW YORK.

The M. L. A. on the Rampage.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE LEVEE.

The Twilighters' Party.

NOTES. ETC.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The M. L. A. held a special meeting on Monday, the 21st inst., to take action on John Hogan's Report, who had been appointed Chairman of the Committee to carry out the levee.

From present appearances, and the way it is tossed about, we should advise the Association, if they can't come to an agreement, to let it slide.

Some time ago, at a meeting when it first came under discussion, it was put to vote and *passed* that it should be held during the Christmas holidays.

Again, at the meeting following the above, a hall had been selected; Wednesday, the 28th the time, and that it should be a leeve.

It seemed then to be a settled conclusion; but since the meeting of Monday, things are topsy turvy.

One of the members said he thought it would be best to have theatricals and a leeve combined, and that it would be best to postpone it till February, another thought they ought to open the leeve with an oration, etc.

Everything got so mixed that we could not make out what they were driving at; but it seems they have decided to postpone the entertainment to February 21st.

We never saw such an Association. After the time had been fixed; a hall secured; and a levee decided upon, all of which had been voted and passed three or four times, and which in any other club would be recognized as a foregone conclusion, up jumps a member and knocks over everything which is agreed to by the members, who, if they had any *spunk*, would cling to their original plans, and not give in just to please a few "bosses."

It is a disgrace to the Association, and if they continue such carryings on deaf-mutes will lose confidence in them and if they can't hold to December 28th—the best time—they might as well "give up the ship."

Now is the time for other deaf-mute Asssociations. While the members of the M. L. A., are quarreling among themselves, let one of the other societies namely—the Social Union, the Catholic Deaf-Mute Literary and Benevolent Union, or the Twilight Club, take hold and carry the thing to victory and a pile of "filthy lucre."

A meeting of the Catholic Literary Union was held in St. Francis Xavier's Hall, on Tuesday, the 22d inst.

The President was very angry at the nom-appearance of many members, all of whom had been notified of the meeting, and made a few remarks about the future of the Union if members presisted in staying away from the meetings.

A full quorun was present, and business was proceeded with. The first thing in order was the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, which were adopted.

The next thing brought up was the feasibility of rewarding one of the Associations' most generous benefactors, but as it is for the present a secret of the Union we will "let it slide" till it is in shape to be given to the public.

The Secretary was then ordered to send notices of the meetings, and of the services on Sunday to four of the leading Catholic newspapers of the Metropolis, which was passed without a single neg.

Then the application of one of the members to resign as an active member was taken up. And it was agreed to let him go on his own hook, but his request that he be appointed an honorary member was refused. He sent in a very lame excuse as to his resignation, which was that he was unable to attend the meeting on account of night work, but it seems he is a regular feature at the M. L. A.'s meetings, which are held the following day, and his excuses were N. G.

The subject of holding a pantomime sometime during the coming winter was taken up and laid before the Union by the Secretary, who stated that they could hold it in the large hall of the College building, and that the expenses for costumes, lights, etc., would not exceed $10. They also agreed if they held it at least one-fourth of the money received after expenses had been paid would go toward the erection of St. Francis Xavier's new church, a certain amount be given to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, and the rest to go towards a project which shows the association has a fair idea of benefactors. But as it was quite late, it was tabled till the next meeting, when it will again be taken up.

Several deaf-mutes not connected with the Union were in attendance and promised to join at on early date.

Up to the present time about twenty deaf-mutes have been enrolled as members, not counting those who left for various causes.

The female members of the Sunday School number about as many, if not more.

Recently, while talking with a well-know deaf-mute who is known as quite a sporting character, the subject of organizing an athletic club among the deaf-mutes of New York, Brooklyn and the surrounding cities was discussed at some length.

We think an athletic club is just what deaf-mutes want. There are several excellent runners, jumpers, etc., who we know personally among metropolitan deaf-mutes, and perhaps there are many who heretofore have had no opportunity to show what they could do as athletes; but who are perhaps good runners, jumpers, walkers, or wonders in some other athletic sport.

Deaf-mutes can do as they please about it. If they care about organizing an athletic club, they can send their opinions and ideas to the JOURNAL, so a general understanding can be brought about; as for ourselves, we think it is one of the best things, deaf-mutes could do, as it would be of more use to them than all the literary and social clubs combined. It would develope their muscle, make them strong and healthy by active out door exercise, and keep them away from rum holes, etc,

A notice of the services held in St. Francis Xavier's Church for deaf-mutes appeared in the *Sunday Democrat* last Sunday.

A deaf-mute named Minihan, who recently come from England, has obtained employment in Parsons' shoe-shop in New York city.

Services were held in both St. Francis Xavier's and St. Ann's last Sunday, and despite the cold weather quite a large number of mutes were present in both churches.

Mrs. Stratton gave birth to a child recently.

"Now the seven dollar ulster
Buttoned on the young man's breast
Safely hides his linen duster
And his faded Summer vest."

The Twilight Club held a party on Thanksgiving eve, November 23d, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, in Harlem. As your correspondent received and invitation he was on hand. On entering the room he found it thronged with the *elite* of New York deaf-mute Society. The Committee had issued about fifty invitations, but as the weather was very unpleasant only one half of that number was in attendance, but they nevertheless had a jolly time, and the "stay-at-homes" lost a rare treat.

On the front wall of the front parlor a handsome basket of flowers was hung. The letters "T. C." in red flowers were handsomely brought out on a background of white.

At 9 o'clock, when all had arrived, who intended to come, the fun began. The first thing on the bill was a game of forfeits. Some rather reckless work was done in the scramble for the plate, and caused much merriment.

"Judge" O'Brien was chosen to try the cases of those who had been so unlucky as to be brought up. Some of the things they had to do, put them in very embarrassing positions much to the merriment of the spectators; but the one that called forth the most merriment was when the Judge gave out one of the hardest penalties of the evening, and when the handkerchief was shown, it was found to be his own. He had been laughing at the others, and now the laugh was turned against him.

Various other games, such as "post office," "Boston," etc., and also dancing, helped to while away the evening.

There were some of the best dancers we had ever seen—both male, and female, and the way some of ladies danced will be told as follows:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light."

The Misses Brady, Walker, Patton Lockwood and McIlvaine, were the best on floor. All were hearing and speaking ladies except the first and last.

Time flew on wings. Twelve o'clock arrived three hours before it was expected. At that time supper was served. As the table could not seat all at once, the party was divided into two sets. While the first set was dining, the others remain in the parlors, and the fun which ensued defies description.

The supper was all that could be desired, but as nobody cares about taking a supper in printer's ink—the real being preferable—we leave it to the readers' imagination.

After dinner, dancing and games were again in order, and the time passed rapidly.

The parlors were thronged with the beauties of New York and Brooklyn, etc., which made the game of post office peculiarly fascinating to those of the masculine gender.

One young lady, Miss McIlvaine, quite startled those present by dressing up as a ghost and the "Oh! my's!" were wonderful to behold.

The little daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger took a leading part in all the games. The little golden-haired daughter made herself quite at home with the gentlemen present by her "lift me up."

The first to leave were the Brooklyn delegates who left at about 2 A.M. Those that remained were very much amused by a game which took place soon after the departure of the above.

A rocking chair was so fixed that it was impossible to look behind it, and a lady was seated on another chair one side and a gentleman on another, another gentleman was hidden behind the chair with a small looking glass, and a system of signals were arranged by those in the secret before the game began. Before the game commenced the company were requested to adjourn to the back parlor.

The fun then began. One person, at a time was admitted and seated in the rocking chair, and asked if he would like to see any kind of animal, a Jackass or a monkey for instance and when he or she had decided what they wanted to see, the gentleman oehind the chair pushed the looking glass over—and they saw themselves.

The last person left at about 4 A.M. The unanimous decision of those present was that the entertainment was all that it could be desired, and will long be remembered as one of the happiest evenings of their lives.

Great credit is due to the committee—Messrs. Waters, Soper, Greis and the club in general. Nothing occurred during the whole evening which gave offence to any one. If the M. L. A. gives such a good entertainment as the Twilight Club did it will do something which will make its efforts in that line in coming years a success.

Among those present we noticed Miss Lockwood, Miss Brady, Miss Patton, Miss Liebel, Miss McIlvaine, Miss Cannon, Miss Fisher, Miss Gunn, Miss Sonneberg, Mr. and Mrs. McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mrs. Lockwood, Mr. Abbott, of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Saxe, of Waterbury, Conn., Mrs. Bailey, Messrs., Reynolds, Brown, Stengele, O'Brien, Donohue, Donnelly, Emmens, Veterkin, Wilkinson, Clark and many others.

We must not forget Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, who acted the host and hostess to perfection, and made everyone feel at home.

Mr. Saxe, who was at the party, hails from Waterbury, Conn., where he is employed in a spoon factory with several other mutes. He was rather "spoony."

A Brooklyn deaf-mute is now manufacturing an extra-long "bob" sled in readiness for the coming winter. He says he is going to be "champion of Fort Green Hill," etc.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25. X. X. X.

BURNT BY NITRIC ACID.

DEAR SIR:—Tuesday, Sept, 6th, 1881, at Binghamton, N. Y., was a deaf-mute, named Mr. Butts, who had been to school at Philadelphia, Pa., (and also his wife) about 20 years ago, and had worked in the powder-mill for nearly three years. His brother-in-law, M. Dinsley. a boss, said that Butts prudently watched the fire or smoke and sometimes he prevented accidents with water. That afternoon between five and six o'clock. (Sept. 6) a cartman arrived there. Dinsley said to him that he should be careful in carrying the carboy of nitric acid, because it was very dangerous, if it broke. He consented to do it, as if he knew it. Butts slowly carried it, all right; but a careless man knocked against him and broke it in a car of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. The acid flowed upon Butts' feet and hands and the calf of his right leg and right arm. The carboy of nitric acid contained 225 lbs. There remained 133 lbs. Some men were frightened and ran from the fire of the car. Butts got badly injured and hurried out and took his low shoes off and put his feet into water. He asked a carman for oil. He could not go to the car to prevent the fire, because he got badly hurt. He struggled and walked home about two miles. Soon afterwards, Mr. Kuresger, a boss and some men came and put out the fire. The car was not much damaged. Butts' wife said that he suffered much from the fire. He felt heavy and his feet looked a strong yellow. Soon afterwards, the skin of his feet and arm came off in pieces ½ of an inch thick. If he had not got water, he would have been burned and melted He was in great pain for a few weeks, he was attended by Dr. Thayer, a surgeon, so he has got a good deal better. It is probable that he will be recovered by next December or January. His shoes and pantaloons were spoiled. Yours truly,

J. BOSSOM.

ROME, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1881.

To Young Men.

There is no dignity in idleness.

Impudence is not independence.

To copy the weakness of a great man will not prove that you possess his excellencies.

You can be decided without being offensive.

Do not be impatient for notoriety.

Do not put off your education.

Do not occupy time or room that belongs to another.

Cultivate reverence for age.

Do not despise another because of poverty.

Do not hold the opinions of others in contempt.

Skepticism is no evidence of learning or independence.

The wishes of your parents should be lovingly regarded.

Piety is an aid to happiness.

Do not sow wild oats unless you wish to reap that kind of a harvest.

Procrastination is a fool.

Select a worthy object of life, and give all your strength to that end.

FANWOOD.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

How Thanksgiving was Observed.

A MINIATURE FARM.

One Week's Observations.

At twenty minutes past four, Monday afternoon last, fire was discovered in the attic of a frame structure known as the Cottage Hospital, located about one hundred yards from the main building. At the first alarm, the fire department was signalled by the telegraph fire alarm, which is about one hundred feet from the Institution, and Messrs. Brainerd, Crittenden and Smith, steward, assistant and clerk, were promptly on hand with axes and Babcock Fire Extinguishers. The shops had just closed, and over a hundred boys rushed to the burning building. The High Class boys, as if by common consent, assumed command, and while part of them kept the crowd in check the others selected about twenty large boys and entered the burning building. In less than five minutes after the fire was discovered, furniture of all sorts was being borne out on the backs of the sturdy young fellows, or pitched headlong from the windows. In a comparatively short time every article of value had been removed to a place of safety.

In the meantime, Engine Company No. 38 had been telegraphed for and was promptly upon the scene. Two other engines, one from Manhattanville and the other from Harlem, soon after arrived, and then began in earnest the work of subduing the flames. However, the fire had obtained such headway that it was fully two hours before the brave fire ladies could obtain control over it. A crowd of over 1,000 people had by this time collected around the scene of conflagration, and the excitement was intense. The roof, attic and south side of the building were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $1,500, and is fully covered by insurance.

The building was a new one, having been erected four years ago for the reception of pupils suffering from contagious diseases. There were two inmates at the time the fire broke out, who were promptly removed. The building will be promptly repaired. The chief of the village fire department congratulated the mutes in regard to the manner in which they saved the furniture and expressed considerable surprise that they did so well. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed from a defective flue.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, leaving in the minds of the pupils of the New York Institution pleasant memories of turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, etc. The day was observed in the customary manner. The morning from nine to eleven, was devoted to study, and from eleven to one exercises were held in the chapel.

The dining room presented an attractive appearance when its doors were thrown open at precisely one o'clock. The traditional evergreen decoration of the walls was done away with, and instead a miniature farm was laid out on two long tables.

The farm was provided with all the implements necessary for the cultivation of the soil, and appeared to be under a high state of cultivation. The owner, as if afraid some one meditated a raid on his premises, stood in the centre of his cabbage patch, gun in hand, ready to pour its contents into the first intruder. His "gude wife" sat in a huge arm chair in the centre of the farm yard (by courtesy styled a flower garden) surrounded by a brood of chickens. At the barn door, stood a fierce looking white mastiff keeping guard over a sorry looking "plug" harnessed to an old dirt cart. The whole arrangement of the farm exhibited good taste, and met with universal approbation.

In the evening, the usual social re-union was held in the girls' sitting room.

About one hundred of the pupils passed the day at home or with friends.

OBSERVATIONS.

Gorham D. Abbott visited the school rooms last Friday.

The charming nieces of Miss Jane T. Meigs honored the Institution with their presence for two or three days last week.

Among the visitors here on Thanksgiving Day we noticed the genial phiz of Alex Dezendorf and the smiling mug of E. A. Barry.

The High Class students have adopted a neat uniform cap. They are things of beauty, and we hope "will be a joy forever."

Evangeline was placed in winter quarters last Monday. High Class graduates are well aware of the fuss and fuming this laborious task always produces.

A few of the pupils had invitations to attend the party given by the Twilight Club last Wednesday, but were prevented from going on account of the rain.

Frank M. Houck, a thirteen-year-old, tramped to the 80th Street Museum last Saturday. Frank was always a sober and calculating fellow, and this accounts for his many eccentric rambles.

Walter Schenck, of Flushing, R. I., was up here Sunday last. Walter is a graduate of 1881, and is at present employed in a bakery. He says he gets $25 a month, and is happy and contented.

If the proper persons take hold of the proposed masquerade party on Washington's Birthday with as much vim as characterized the actions of the originators of "the farm" there is no reason why it will not be an immense success.

At the conclusion of the ceremony in the chapel in honor of H. P. Peet's Birthday, on Monday, Nov. 21st, Mr. Jones proposed the erection of a monument to his memory somewhere on the grounds, the expenses to be paid by the graduates and undergraduates of the institution. The idea is a worthy one and should receive support.

While in the city Saturday last, we were informed that the Manhattan Literary Association had decided to postpone holding their levee until February 21st. Now, if this change is due from a desire and belief that more money will be coined by the arrangement, they are laboring under the worst kind of a delusion. When it was announced, last week, among the pupils, that it would be held during the holiday week, it produced the liveliest satisfaction as at that time they would be "flush," and thus enabled to attend. If the date had not been changed, we are sure at least fifty pupils would have been in attendance. If the levee is held on February 21st, not five pupils will go, and don't you forget it.

The pupils who received invitations to attend the meeting of the Catholic Literary Asssociation Tuesday, November 22d, applied for leave of absence, but the Superintendent did not deem it advisable to grant their request as it would necessitate their remaining out very late.

Wonderful Feats of the Pen.

I wonder if any of my readers has tried to see how fine he could write with a pen?

There is a postal card in possession of a young friend of mine containing over 2000 words, and the whole of this minute writing is quite legible to the naked eye.

If a postal containing 2000 words is a curiosity, what would be thought of one containing 33,000 words?

In Dusseldorf, recently, there was on exhibition a postal on which had been written the first three books of Homer's "Odyssey," and a long parliamentary debate. One who will vouch for this singular feat says that the entire writing may be deciphered by the aid of a microscope.

This mania for microscopic writing has not been confined exclusively to modern penmen. Some of the ancients excelled in the minuteness of their handwriting.

There is a story told by Pliny which taxes human credulity. He reports that Cicero once saw a manuscript copy of Homer's "Iliad" in a nutshell.

Who can conceive of compressing a voluminous work of 15,000 verses in so small a compass?

Critics have inclined to doubt the possibility of the feat. But a learned man once demonstrated, with a crow-quill and a piece of vellum, the possibility of inclosing the "Iliad" in the shell of an English walnut.

And it is said that Peter Babs, an Englishman, who flourished during the Elizabethan era, preserved a copy of the Bible he had written in invisible characters, in a walnut shell.

But there are a thousand things more wonderful in nature than the curiosities of art.

Let us examine the wings of a moth or butterfly. We will find that each is adorned with millions of feathers of various colors and sizes. In a small fibre of a goose-quill the microscope reveals over 1500 downy shoots.

If we magnify an animalcule found in a drop of water half a million times, it is scarcely visible to the eye.

What must be the exceeding minuteness of its bodily organs which sustain life!

The Dalrymple farm.

The famous Dalrymple farm of 75,000 acres in Dakota is really made up of smaller farms with separate ownerships; but all is under the management of Oliver Dalrymple, who owns 4,000 acres outright, and is likely to soon become half owner of the rest. When he assumed charge the proprietors of the various tracts put in the land at a fair valuation and money enough to improve it, charging eight per cent on the whole investment. The important provision was that, whenever the profits reached over and above the eight per cent. a year, a sum sufficient to repay the entire outlay, half the land should be his. At the time it was not supposed that much, if any more than the promised percentage could be derived from the farm, but the crops have been heavy, and nothing but a serious mishap will prevent Dalrymple from realizing his hopes within two or three years.

DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise---Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

"But I will not linger upon this point," as the deaf-mute orator said when he sat down on a bent pin.

If some of our deaf-mutes wait too long for something to turn up, it will be their toes.

It is said that tar is healthy, but it it is not healthy for the mute who tars another's face while asleep, if the mute happens to be bigger and then discovers who did it.

There may be obstacles in the way of the discovery of the North Pole, but they pale into insignificance compared with an attempt by some of our deaf-mutes to tell the truth.

"Lives of great mutes all remind us,"
Life is not an empty dream,
Except at times, when those behind us
Pass us by and "take the cream."

The small deaf-mute who swapped off his sled for a jack-knife and a base ball bat last spring is now about as sick as any one who can be found outside of a hospital.

Fanwood had a mute named Hughes
Who had a bad fit of the blues.
He tore out his eyes.
And gobbled seven pies
And danced till he wore out his shoes.

A seasonable question for deaf-mutes—"Is your ulster out of hock?"

While a deaf-mute tramp was taking a sleep by a Jersey hedge the other day, a goat came along and ate his overshoes right off his feet.

The mute who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But the mute who weds and courts girls still,
May get in court against his will.

It is reported that a deaf-mute is on trial for murder in China. It is not known whetner he is well off and innocent, or poor and guilty.

A New York deaf-mute called his girl Revenge. He had been reading somewhere that "Revenge is sweet."

A Chicago deaf-mute first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since.

When a Brooklyn "semi" wishes to tell his sweetheart that her hair pain is coming out, he simply says "H. P. C. O.," and she tumbles.

There is a deaf-mute young lady in Keokuk, Ia., who is six feet, four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married to a semi-mute. He won her with the following words:

Thy beauty sets my soul aglow,
I'd wed thee right or wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little—long.

A Baltimore deaf-mute was recently injured by the accidental discharge of his duties.

We always had a sort of vague idea that we were the biggest ass that wrote for the JOURNAL. Since the Tillinghast–Livingstone controversy commenced we have found out that there is another breed of asses that grew on a more thrifty stalk them we did. We hate to be beaten, but we always make it a rule to give credit where due.

It takes eight hundred full blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents worth of onions will scent a whole deaf-mute institution.

There is only one deaf-mute female, we know of, who can let another woman pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch-pocket. The deaf woman in question is a tobacco sign on Fulton Street.

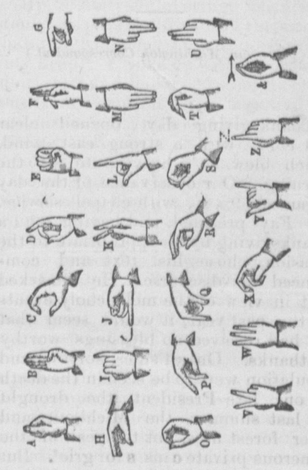
A semi-mute old maid, not very attractive, in a large city, recently delivered in signs, before an audience of several mute ladies and gentlemen, an original temperance poem entitled, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," and three wicked young men gave her three cheers and a tiger.

In the good Old Testament days it was considered a mericle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a mericle will keep a deaf-mute ass quiet. How times do change.

If the deaf-mute who called on Terwilleger Fitzpatrick's only girl last Wednesday evening, but who suddenly left the front door and shot out of the yard, with a dog attached to the dome of his trousers, will return the dog, a reward of five dollars will be paid by us and no questions asked.

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